South Carolina's sweetheart

Page eight

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Birth control, Aiken style

Grit and bare it: Dr. Clovis Pierce, left, with his attorney, Bruce Shaw

By Bob Thompson

BARNWELL -- The Barnwell County Courthouse seemed a rather odd setting this week for a notorious federal trial. When it was raining, as it was most of the week, the large double doors at the back of the courtroom were open, letting the rain-cooled air in to refresh the word-wearied people inside. Cars swishing by on the moisture-laden town square outside made it difficult to hear much of the testimony. Occasionally a spectator or two, yawning from the tediousness of all the legal talk, would shuffle out onto the second-floor balcony for a breath of air.

At one point, the trial was interrupted when a dog walked into the courtroom and plopped down in the jury box that was serving as the press area. U.S. District Court Judge Sol Blatt Jr. asked a federal marshal to lead the mutt into a nearby office, and instructed him, "Call Mrs. Jenkins and tell her Spot's over here." When the marshal asked if the dog would bite, Blatt smilingly assured him, "He's a good dog."

The informal court atmosphere and the soap-opera mentality of many observers cloaked the ultimate seriousness of it all.

The crowds ranged from 20 or so persons, usually the extent of the morning crowd, to a packed courtroom of about 150 people in the afternoons. A corps of regulars -- friends and relatives of the plaintiffs and defendants, social workers, and hospital personnel -- attended the trial faithfully. Not as faithful were the dozens of townspeople who dropped in periodically to see what was going on. Many appeared to be housewives who'd gotten bored with the afternoon TV offerings of soap operas, and had come to see a real-life soap opera. Predominantly white and middle-aged, they sat expressionless except when a witness (usually black) would say something to inspire restrained titters.

The facility with which the trial of Aiken obstetrician Dr. Clovis Pierce brought to mind soap opera-type drama cloaked the underlying seriousness of it all. Pierce, two Aiken County Hospital officials, and two state Department of Social Services officials are being sued for discrimination in the sterilization or attempted sterilization of two black women on welfare. The apparent deceptive and unethical practices by Pierce, and the seeming negligence on the part of hospital and social services personnel to Pierce's discrimination, lie above the surface of testimony at the Barnwell County Courthouse. But below the surface is another idea that could be of widespread importance -- the honing and polishing of the legal definition of discrimination. A full decade after the monumental civil rights legislation of the Great Society years, the scope of civil rights protections is being ever expanded.

At the risk of simplifying the dispute into an "us versus them" struggle, the Aiken sterilization case shows distinct signs of being a battle between liberals and conservatives. Pierce is using as his philosophical armament the idea that private doctors, not paid by government, have the right to choose their patients according to any standards they choose, in keeping with the conservative doctrine of

Continued on page five

letters

Take that, you bungo-pseudocrats

Folks:

Okay, you socially oriented, capricious bungo-pseudocrats have really taken the cake. On page two of your July 25 review, you make a cheap ego ploy of the nouveau l'intelligensia of South Carolina -- undoubtedly somewhat successful. After all, Playboy pulls off that bush league, bourgeoise identity bull all the time -- right? But then, all of a sudden -- wham -- right in my face on page three is a headline: **Big Money Wins.** Now it seems to me that there is a definite lack of ideological consistency in all this, almost to where it violates the tenants of good literary and humanistic art. I got news for you cats, a selfish bourgeois is a selfish bourgeois, whether he's abusing the balance of the environment for personal gain, or the self-respect of those who do and do not fit into the select 56 percent of society's Osceola elite. So get your stuff straight -- define your ethos, or some day you just might find yourselves peddling The State around local street corners.

Sincerely yours,
A. Vagias
818 Henderson St.
Columbia, S.C. 29201

P.S. Did you ever consider changing your copyright from Parallax to Paradox?

In reply:

(1) We certainly don't mean to denigrate anyone who fails to qualify for our "elite" group. Most of us don't, either. (2) In our humble opinion, there is a considerable difference between "a family that makes over $20,000 a year, and an orchestrated, unilateral blitzkreig by coal companies and their representatives to purchase favorable -- or stop unfavorable -- legislation. (3) The spectre of any of us "peddling" The State is too ugly to comment upon. **--The Editors**

Reader wants dirt, not trash

Dear Sir:

The article "Myrtle Beach cruisin" by Michael Bane in your July 11 issue was not only trash -- but badly written as well.

Mr. Bane is obviously young, immature and inexperienced as a writer. Please, quietly, sit down and read it and I'm sure you will agree with me.

Last year your paper was great, in spots. Now -- it's really not worth one's time to read.

Why don't you get some good inquisitive reporters and get them going on inefficiency in local, state and federal government in South Carolina. Also dig into some of the dirt among our state legislators -- personally -- as well as some of the big wastes in their actions, etc.

Name withheld by request
Columbia, S.C. 29206

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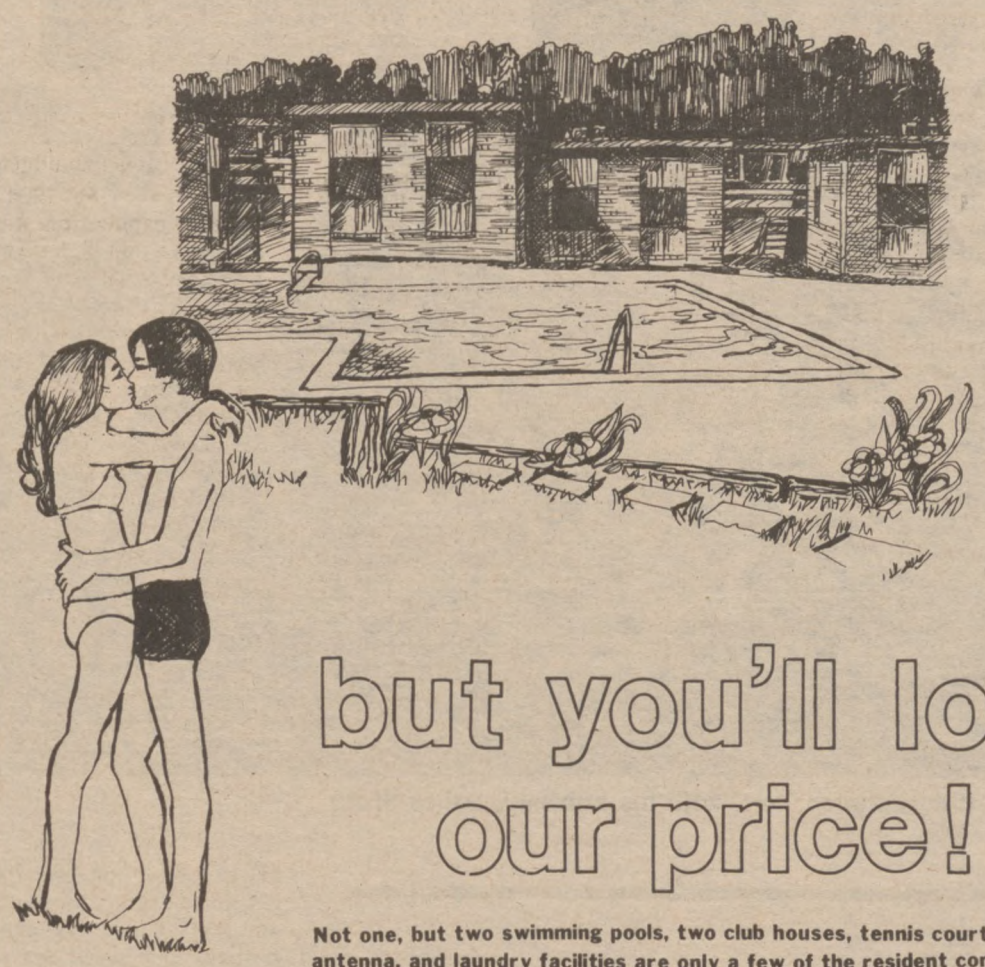

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Ellis ain't no saint

To the editors:

I am writing this letter due to a recent publication which greatly disturbs me; your article in Cheap Shots entitled "The Good Reverend Doctor Ellis." This article was obviously presented in a slanted manner with unfounded opinion the sole support of several points made. I am the first to admit that the "Good Doctor" is no Saint, but the use of unfounded erroneous information coupled with little knowledge of the background of some of the decisions he has made, is no way to inform the public of the facts. These tactics only serve to discredit Osceola.

Up until now I have been impressed with the sound journalistic practices of Osceola, but if this article is any indication of future newspaper policy I shall cancel my subscription. To do so would be a great disappointment as I was so hoping to have an alternative to The State and Record.

Your criticism of the multiplication of the agency is clearly ignorant. If you had any idea of the antiquated system in place when Dr. Ellis assumed responsibility, and if you had any idea of how many positive modernizing changes that have been made under his administration you would not criticize these changes. A few of the most dramatic changes have been the use of Program Planning Budgeting Systems (PPBS) involving all Department of Social Services Offices which forces an accounting for each and every expenditure and forces advance planning by every administrative person in the agency. Another change has been a new management system which begins the process of making the delivery of services to clients more efficient and effective due to built in accountability. Both of these improvements along with others serve to add to a sophisticated information system which will eventually allow for better planning and delivery of services in the future. No doubt mistakes have been made, but then who is perfect?

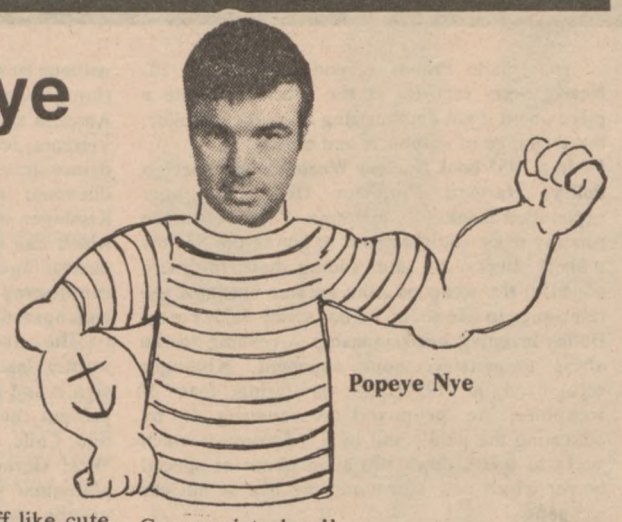
Your criticism of the money spent to send employees to "Mardi Gras City" again shows no understanding of the reason behind the decisions. The Child Welfare League of America is a nationally recognized professional organization which attempts to help inform those working in human services. The meetings held in New Orleans and others serve to inform workers of the newest methods of helping the children of our state. Why is it that nothing was said last year when the meetings were held in Charlotte, North Carolina? Just because the meeting place sounds a little more exotic is this sound basis for criticism? Are those employees of the state serving our families supposed to do their jobs in ignorance?

Your comments about Mr. Flack, member of the Social Service Board and those

Continued on page seven

cheap shots

Popeye Nye pops off



Popeye Nye

Doug Nye is the guy who three days a week writes that chit-chat column in section C of the Columbia Record. Well, chit-chat is what Doug's column almost always is, the kind 12 or 13 column inches the man or woman on the run can read and comprehend at lunch while wrestling with a hot dog all-the-way. Mostly harmless stuff like cute jokes, bad puns, watered-down-Will-Rogers commentary, an account of Doug's trip to view his high school records, and nice letters pro and con from folksy people around the city which serve to give the column and in turn the paper a "local flavor." As ex-sportswriter Nye would probably admit, most of the tap dancing he does on his typewriter is the literary equivalent of blowing Bazooka gum bubbles. But Doug's stuff ain't bad, and it has undoubtedly enriched many a coffee breaker's catatonic stare.

Yet Doug, who is probably a nice enough guy, and whose cutest columns are his nostalgic reflections on his boyhood adventures with a friend named Pete, is periodically consumed with these redneck hot flashes of political heat, and provides a psychological profile of the All-American bully. His chit-chat turns into an ornery object lesson on the danger of the U.S. truning into a brocoli-spined counter-culture ready to be devoured by the Red Menace.

On one occasion, after the fall of Saigon, Doug recreated a conversation between "Nikita Mouthovsky" of the U.S.S.R. and "Ho Ha He" from Red China, ultimately mourning the lack of U.S. "will to fight" in Vietnam.

In a conversation SOMEWHERE IN VIETNAM, Nikita said, "The giant's not sleeping. It's dying. They could have wiped us out in Vietnam 10 to 12 years ago. But they were too worried about world opinion and atomic destruction. So they fought the war using 1812 methods. Your country and mine both knew Americans would get tired of that."

"Yah. They got a bunch of goody-goody people over there, who think Americans and Communists can be friends forever," says Ho. "They don't know this part of great Communist plan."

Last week Doug reminded his readers that it was only those condescending hindsighters who condemned or critized the use of The Bomb against Japan, and the relocation of Japanese Americans in the United States. Doug is usually pretty sarcastic about all these lilly-livered bleeding heart liberals.

On these days Doug seems to be chewing some off-brand purple stuff, and his column reads like those paste-on Popeye tatoos the kids are fond of in the summer.Suddenly, he turns into the right wing stud's Erma Bombeck. Come on, Doug, give peace a chance! As of this writing Doug is on vacation. We hope he stopped in upstate New York and took the cure at Woodstock.

Dan Lackey

QUOTE OF THE WEEK:

"There's nothing I enjoy better than being on a tractor on Saturday plowing soybeans," he said. "When I have a problem and am seeking an answer, I can get on a tractor and plow beans all day and I can really think. It is a change of pace and it is something I enjoy doing and I never plan to get away from it."

Gubernatorial Aide
Heyward N. Dantzler
interviewed in The State

CORRECTION:

In mentioning Greenville News Columbia Bureau Chief Henry Eason in last week's Cheap Shots, the word "erstwhile" found its way into print in a description of Eason. No, we are not trying to retire Eason from the News, and he has no plans for leaving, he says. It was a typographical error on our part. The word should have been "enthusiastic."

OSCEOLA

"Freedom of the press is guaranteed only to those who own one."
— press critic A.J. Liebling

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STAFF
Managing editor: Jim Walser
Senior Editor: Bob Thompson
Advertising Manager: W.C. Kirby

Advertising Staff: Arlene Lipson, Alex Potter
Contributors: Lynn Cansler, Tim Driggers, Dan Lackey, Dave Lackey, Gary Ligi, Mike Smith, Venson Steadman, Michael Bane, C. Scott Graber, Brad Stinson, and David Belser.

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BUSINESS WATCH

Out-sheikhing the sheikhs

By Edward Meadows

The drear prospects are that soon enough gasoline which sells for 55 cents to 60 cents a gallon will cost 62 cents to 67 cents or more. That increase, only a mild preview of what's to come in the fall, is the fruition not of Arab conspiracies but simply of the Ford administration's "energy policy," a plan to outsheikh the sheikhs by jacking up the prices of petroleum products higher than OPEC (the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries) has thought to do. The theory, of course, is that as the price goes up, consumer demand falls. Here is the basic economic law of supply and demand. The only trouble is that petroleum prices don't really respond to that honorable law. For one thing, the quadrupled OPEC $13 a barrel price is a "political" price, bearing no relationship to what the free market might set. But more importantly, the demand for petroleum products is mostly "inelastic," as economists are wont to say. That simply means consumers don't have much flexibility in their decisions to buy gasoline and other petroleum products, over the short term.

Suppose for a moment (as the Ford administration does) that the law of supply and demand does work for oil. If the price of gas is normally 25 cents a gallon and it rises to 55 cents, you will then buy only half as much. If the price increases to $1 a gallon, you will buy none. Then again, if the price went back down, you would buy more gas in a steadily increasing proportion. All this, of course, if the law of supply and demand applied to petroleum. But wait just a minute.

Who among us can lock the car away in the garage when the price of gas reaches $1 a gallon (as is predicted for 1976)? No, we will buy gas at 55 cents and $1 and even at $1.50 if such prices are ordained. In a petroleum-fueled, energy dependent society, we have little choice. Oh, there's some leeway: one can buy a smaller car and one can forget about automobile vacations. But unless one lives in New York City and digs subways, he will have to buy gasoline (and home heating oil and numerous essential products made from petroleum, such as drugs, plastics, etc.). Thus the inverse relationship of supply and demand breaks down. Demand for petroleum is like a rusted lever stuck in position. With great effort one can nudge it, but not enough to make a real difference, even if oil consumption has slackened a bit with present high oil prices, the recession and a mild winter. Oil imports last year declined 1.7 percent from 1973 (before the embargo, oil imports increased at an average rate of 4.7 percent each year, with increases up to 7.2 percent in the early 70s).

But 1.7 percent is not a great dent in oil consumption. The less charitable of mind could even call it insignificant. And common sense dictates that as the price of petroleum products increases even further there will be no proportional decrease in consumer demand. Demand, remember, is "inelastic" and people simply have to buy a certain amount of products like gasoline and home heating oil, at least in the short run, until the Detroit behemoth can retool for soundly built, efficient small cars that run on alcohol or other fuels and until science can refine alternative energy technology to make it competitive with petroleum.

Another announced aim of the Ford "energy policy" is to make petroleum prices high in order that entreprenuers will rush to cash in on the new bonanza, thus creating more domestic production and less dependence on the Arabs. A laudable end, perhaps (I stress the perhaps), but a means that bears only the most distant scrutiny. If domestic oil production was recently profitable for somebody at 25 cents a gallon, then at 55 cents a gallon money is being made. If it is not, then the oil companies have to be the most inefficient, incompetent businesses on earth. But of course, oil profits are generally fat. OPEC has brought the major oil companies a great windfall, huge profits there for the taking. How much incentive do they need? And if they need it, why must it be taken from the hide of the American people?

The question becomes, what is the real effect of the Ford administration "energy policy?" It is to bludgeon the poor with prices that savage their small budgets, already gaping from wounds of inflation, recession and high taxes. The poorest Americans will bear the brunt of the oil companies' greed and the administration's short-sighted vision, while the affluent are only inconvenienced (the Cadillac traded in for a mere Mercedes). Meanwhile, wasteful consumption isn't reduced.

The Arabs, unlike Ford's advisors, understand the demand "inelasticity" of petroleum products only too well. In fact, it is their ace in the hole. It is the phenomenon that allows OPEC to charge prices far above what the market would bear. It is the principal lever operating the Arab money machine. But there is a catch. Economic theory teaches that while demand for a good might be "inelastic" over a short period, it tends to become "elastic" over the long term, measured in years. This is just another way of saying that over a span of years, lower-priced substitutes are developed, substitutes like solar energy, alcohol fuel for cars, shale oil, wind power, etc. When these substitutes become available, then OPEC can no longer rest assured that the world will buy oil, no matter how high the price. Consumers will switch to cheaper substitutes for oil, until its price comes more in line with what they can pay.

Thus the Arabs have only a few years in which to reap the wealth they expect from their petroleum. During those few years, petroleum demand will stay "inelastic" while technology rushes forward to find new alternatives. And while demand is "inelastic," while the getting is good, the Arabs hope to build a modern industrial society. They hope to do in ten years what the Russians and Chinese did in 50 and what the West has taken 200 years to do. And the speed of this industrialization is still further quickened by the knowledge that Arab oil reserves are forecast to be depleted in 20

Continued on page six

Edward Meadows has worked for the Associated Press and Today, a Cocoa Beach Florida daily newspaper for the past several years. He is currently a graduate student in economics at the University of South Carolina, and will contribute this economics column and various other pieces regularly to Osceola in the future.

trb from Washington

Threatening suicide

At 10 minutes to eight on the first morning of this month Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger met some 20 reporters at breakfast and continued what can only be considered an organized maneuver by President Ford and his administration to make the idea of nuclear war thinkable.

Recent developments permit no other conclusion. The drive has brought attack from Democrats, anger from Moscow and shock from the public, but President Ford and Secretary Schlesinger have not retreated: they insist that it is not a new policy, just a reaffirmation of an old one of Jack Kennedy, Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon. But the emphasis and timing are new. They are reaffirming America's option to use tactical nukes in a minor crisis and even to make a selective strike at the USSR.

Why are they doing it? They are doing it, it would appear, to reassert the doctrine of credibility, a doctrine that has almost theological overtones in the apocalyptic dogma of nuclear confrontation. It must not only be known that America has A-weapons but will use them. In a game where first-strike use is almost equivalent to suicide the world must know that we are willing to commit suicide. It is the horrible logic of modern man's nuclear dilemma.

In the Old West a tough man knew that carrying a gun was no good if the people didn't think you would use it; the same thing goes now for nations with nukes. The Ford administration seems to have decided it is time for the public to understand this. It is nonsense to say that it is just Schlesinger throwing his weight around. He wouldn't do it without the President's approval, though Moscow, for diplomatic reasons, assumes the contrary. Richard Nixon did the same thing. We mustn't show ourselves to be a pitiful, helpless giant. There's nothing like a bit of brutality to prove our determination -- Cambodia, Laos, the Christmas bombing of North Vietnam -- they all were part of the credibility credo. And Mr. Ford, too; he responded in much the same way in the Mayaguez incident.

There is another aspect to the affair. Proliferation has gotten out of hand. It is not really likely anymore that it can be stopped. Nation after nation joins the club, or soon will join: the super powers, China, France, India, probably Israel, before long Brazil. If you can't stand the facts of life you can look the other way. According to some doomsayers, with 10 kilograms of plutonium (22 pounds), a high school science lab and the services of a technically literate designer, most nations could produce bombs.

"You haven't said whether you will use the first strike?" a reporter asked Mr. Ford at the South Lawn press conference, June 26. He wouldn't answer. "Does the U.S. still disavow first use of nuclear weapons?" He wouldn't answer. Question No. 14: "If North Korea attacks South Korea would you use nuclear weapons to stop it?" No answer. Follow-up question, "You're flatly not ruling it out though?" Answer: "I'm not either confirming it or denying it. I'm saying we have the forces and they'll be used in our national interest as they should be."

Schlesinger speaks and the President nods his head. Well before his breakfast with us Schlesinger submitted to Congress, in May, an unpublished report on "The Theater Nuclear Defense Posture in Europe," later described as declaring that a conventional Soviet-led attack against Europe might force the U.S. to use battlefield nuclear weapons to avoid defeat. Schlesinger told U.S. News May 26 that in case of attack by North Korea "it is necessary to go for the heart of the opponent's power; destroy his military forces...more vigorous action...than the Vietnamese war."

That kind of tough talk only means one thing. Pravda denounced him June 1. So what? On ABC's "Issues and Answers," July 6, he said that nuclear weapons would only be employed under "desperate" circumstances. But he didn't deny that they would be employed.

Schlesinger is a personable figure with a quick, subtle mind. At breakfast he was far from committing an indiscretion. He came with a tape recorder, had a sheaf of statements by earlier defense secretaries to show policy hadn't changed; spoke on the record and paused weightily before answering questions. Then with a flushed face and a comma after each qualification he replied, "First use could conceivably (let me underscore 'conceivably') involve what we define as strategic forces and possible, possibly (underscore 'possibly') involve a selective strike at the Soviet Union. We do not necessarily exclude that, but it is indeed a very, very low probability."

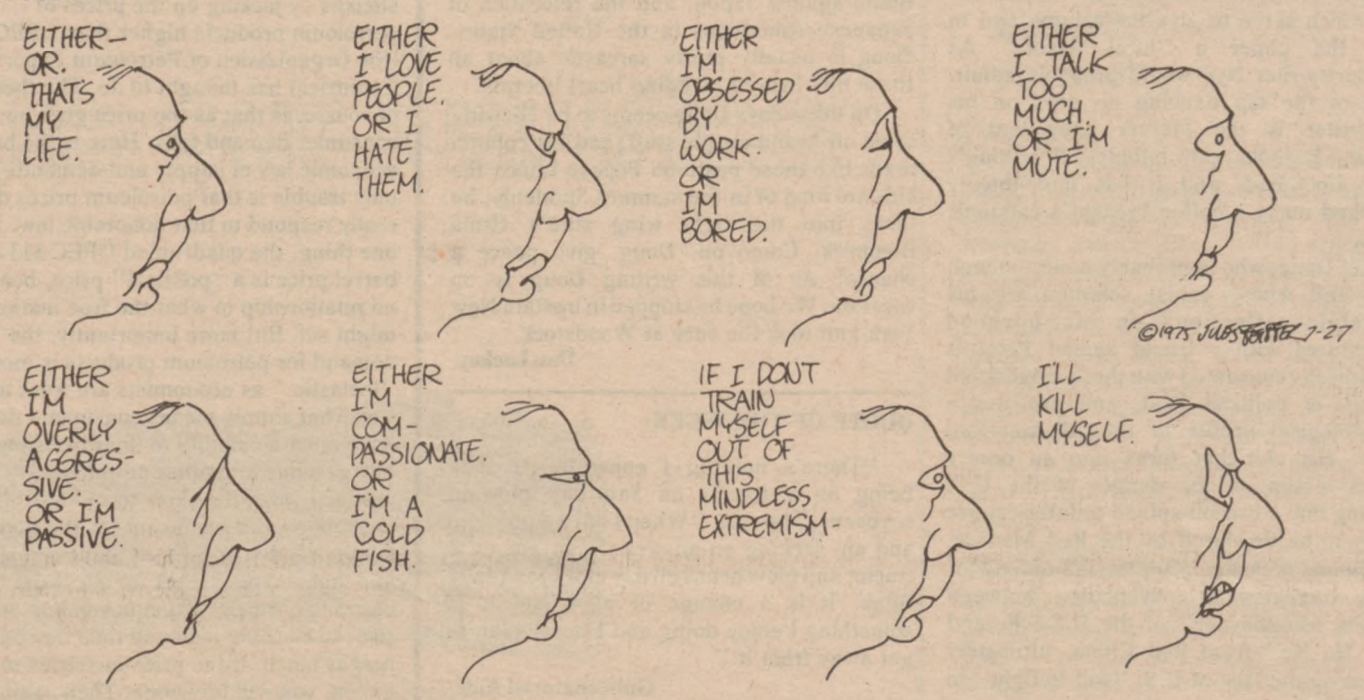
That made Pravda explode again July 12. Nearly every reporter at the breakfast wrote a piece about it not emphasizing a change of policy, but a change of emphasis and tone.

In a 1957 book **Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy**, Harvard Professor Henry Kissinger expounded mankind's dilemma: "The refusal to run any risks would amount to giving the Soviets a blank check," he said, adding that "the more powerful the weapons...the greater becomes the reluctance to use them." That's why John Foster Dulles invented brinksmanship -- rushing to the abyss to outstare your opponent. Kissinger recognized in 1957 the paralyzing fear of weapons: he proposed overcoming it by educating the public and by a "diplomacy which seeks to break down the atmosphere of special horror which now surrounds the use of nuclear weapons."

That's what's happening now -- we are being educated. In Vietnam, Nixon tried "limited war" without nukes and it didn't work. Worse still, thought nuclear theologians, it weakened America's crucial credibility. Nixon hung on in Vietnam, less to win the war at the end than to demonstrate America's will. It is a maddening dilemma; no previous nation ever faced it. Kissinger at Harvard urged "a public opinion which has been educated to the realities of the nuclear age." We are the first generation that can destroy itself, the first in which Man is the endangered species.

The nuclear nonproliferation treaty is a worthy instrument, but various nations won't sign it and it is hard to believe that it is going to prevent the multiplication of warheads. Argentina, Chile, Taiwan, Pakistan, Iran, South Africa, West Germany are either seeking to acquire plutonium separation plants or are tempted to use the resources they already have. A byproduct of a nuclear energy plant may be wastes to make bombs.

Feiffer


EITHER— OR. THAT'S MY LIFE.
EITHER I LOVE PEOPLE. OR I HATE THEM.
EITHER I'M OBSESSED BY WORK. OR I'M BORED.
EITHER I TALK TOO MUCH. OR I'M MUTE.
©1975 JULES FEIFFER 7-27
EITHER I'M OVERLY AGGRESSIVE. OR I'M PASSIVE.
EITHER I'M COMPASSIONATE. OR I'M A COLD FISH.
IF I DON'T TRAIN MYSELF OUT OF THIS MINDLESS EXTREMISM-
I'LL KILL MYSELF.

jack anderson

Texas big shot

WASHINGTON - Big John Connally is on the comeback trail.

He got out of his bribery trial with a not-guilty verdict. There were some discrepancies in his sworn testimony that haven't been cleared up. But Connally has moved from the defensive to the offensive.

He is making a bold, new bid for political power. He has met twice with President Ford in recent weeks. This has caused speculation that the President might ease out Vice President Nelson Rockefeller and take Connally as his running mate in 1976.

But Texas politicians close to Connally have told us privately that he won't settle for second place. He wants nothing less than the White House itself.

He is out giving speeches and raising money. Some friends are throwing a fund-raising bash for him in Houston later this month. They hope to raise $100,000 to keep the former Treasury secretary on the hustings.

As one close associate of Connally told us, "He wants to be a big shot again." And to John Connally, being a big shot means being President of the United States.

Israeli Stall?: Egypt's President Anwar Sadat, in strictly private conversations, has accused Israel of stalling a peace settlement until the United States is caught up in another presidential campaign.

Sadat believes, according to a secret intelligence report on his conversations, that the Israelis are gambling upon the clout of Jewish voters in the United States.

Sadat fears that President Ford, as he gets closer to the election, won't want to offend Jewish voters by pressuring Israel for concessions. This is the reason, in Sadat's opinion, that the Israelis are delaying a settlement.

The intelligence report also quotes Sadat as saying that only the United States can get Israel to come to terms and that the United States, therefore, is primarily responsible for maintaining peace in the Middle East. If the negotiations break down and fighting is resumed, said Sadat, the United States will be chiefly to blame.

Diplomatic Dilemma: Graham Martin, the controversial former American ambassador to South Vietnam, has finally returned to Washington.

Right up until the fall of Saigon, the feisty diplomat remained the implacable champion of President Nguyen Van Thieu. Anyone who disagreed was the enemy. In his last months as ambassador, he even accused the State Department's intelligence analysts of doing Hanoi's work because they disagreed with his rosy view of South Vietnam's future.

After the South Vietnamese collapse, Martin stopped off in Rome and secluded himself for weeks. Congressmen wanted to question him about the haphazard evacuation from Saigon. But Martin communicated with no one.

Now he's back. He would like another assignment, according to our sources, as evidence to the world that the State Department still has faith in him. But he could never win Senate confirmation for a high-level appointment.

Insiders believe Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, therefore, will try to find a job for him that does not require confirmation.

Cold Facts: The Ford administration is preparing several new tax incentives to encourage savings and investments. Of course, the poor have no money for either savings or investments. The new tax proposals, therefore, will benefit only those who already make a good income.

But a good businessman isn't likely to build a new plant to produce refrigerators, for example, that he can't sell. He is more likely to salt away the tax savings in his bank account.

If the same amount of money were distributed to the poor, however, they would probably spend it. They don't have big bank accounts. Most use the money to buy food. They might even have enough left over to buy refrigerators to put the food in.

Then the businessman would build a plant to produce more refrigerators.

Postal Pipeline: Post Office officials recently asked firms to bid on a contract to survey Americans on their attitudes about their mail service. They specified that all interviews must be conducted in person or by telephone. Evidently, they don't trust the mails.

The Aiken sterilization trial

Continued from page one

maximum personal freedom. On the other hand, the American Civil Liberties Union lawyers, representing the black welfare mothers, are arguing in essence that their clients didn't have any freedom of choice under Pierce's sterilization policy because of Pierce's de facto monopoly on obstetrical services to Medicaid patients in the area. The difficulty in reaching a fair decision in the case is that Pierce can't have his "civil right" -- the freedom to make his own birth control policies -- and the plaintiffs can't have their "civil right" -- control over their own reproduction -- at the same time. The cause of the difficulty is that obstetricians are in short supply in Aiken County, and thus they have the power that goes with a monopoly.

National attention has been focused on Aiken County since newspaper articles in July of 1973 first reported Pierce's policy of requiring mothers to three or more children to pay for their own obstetrical care or consent to be sterilized. The ACLU is suing Pierce and four others -- R. Archie Ellis, director of the state Department of Social Services; Richard T. Poore, director of the Aiken County; J. Sam Nesbit, administrator of the Aiken County Hospital; and George A. Poda, chairman of the board of the hospital.

The ACLU suit was filed on behalf of two Aiken County black women, Virgil Walker and Shirley Brown, who have claimed that Pierce either sterilized them or attempted to do so because they are black and because Medicaid funds paid for the births of their last children. Pierce has not denied his policy of making Medicaid mothers be sterilized after their third child if they wish to continue under his treatment. The other four men are being sued because they allegedly knew of Pierce's discriminatory policy and did nothing to prevent it.

Pierce sterilized Mrs. Walker, the divorced mother of four, just before he delivered her last child in April 1972. He discharged Mrs. Brown from the Aiken County Hospital on September 3, 1972, just one day after she had given birth, when Mrs. Brown refused to consent to a tubal ligation (the form of sterilization Pierce used). Though the Walker and Brown women are the only persons filing suit against Pierce, testimony at the trial showed that the crew-cut former Army doctor sterilized or sought to sterilize a number of other Medicaid mothers.

Dorothy Waters, an unmarried black mother of seven children, was the first victim of Pierce's policy to testify, and her testimony shed some light on Pierce's philosophy regarding welfare and motherhood. Waters refused to agree to sterilization when she was informed of Pierce's policy, a week before she gave birth to her seventh child. She was sent to

Virgil Walker

Shirley Brown

talk with Pierce, who reportedly told her, "Listen, young lady, this is my tax money paying for this. And I'm tired of people running around having babies and my tax money paying for it. If I can control my family, so can you." And Pierce reportedly told Miss Waters that if she didn't want to be sterilized, "go find yourself another doctor."

Yet the problem with Pierce's "alternative" which was brought out by several witnesses at the trial was that many Medicaid mothers couldn't get any other obstetricians to take them as patients, or else they couldn't get to obstetricians who would treat them. There are only three obstetricians in Aiken County; all work at the county hospital. But two of them, for all practical purposes, do not treat patients on Medicaid, leaving welfare mothers the choice of either seeing Pierce and consenting to sterilizations, or finding a doctor out of the county. The nearest out-of-county obstetricians are located in Augusta, Georgia -- about 25 miles away.

Mrs. Ida Mae Young, a former patient's of Pierce's who was sterilized by him, gave dramatic evidence of the fatalism with which many poor, black mothers view "the system" in Aiken County. Mrs. Young was told about the Aiken County Department of Social Services' family planning services in 1969 by a social worker, but she said she wasn't threatened with sterilization until shortly before Pierce delivered her seventh and last child.

Pierce's receptionist called her, Mrs. Young testified, and told her about Pierce's requirement that welfare mothers be sterilized after their third child or else pay for their own care if Pierce is to treat them. She refused to consent to the tubal ligation, and she claimed she went to Aiken DSS director Richard Poore in approximately August of 1972 to see if Pierce's policy was legal. "He said there was nothing he could do about it," she said of Poore. Mrs. Young continued under Pierce's prenatal care, she testified, and she eventually signed a sterilization consent form against her will "because nobody else would take me." Pierce later sterilized her.

The ACLU lawyers apparently called Mrs. Young to the stand to enhance their argument that Pierce was practicing widespread discrimination against blacks and welfare mothers, and that the Walker and Brown cases weren't isolated instances. To be sure, Ida Mae Young's dealings with Pierce had nothing to do directly with the alleged discrimination by Pierce toward the two plaintiffs. Young's testimony had the intended effect, but it also had an odious side effect: it showed the poorly-hidden racism of many of the whites observing the trial.

To the soap opera fans turned court watchers, Mrs. Young's brief stay on the witness stand seemed a high point of the trial. Mrs. Young, far from an accomplished public speaker, evoked open giggles from many white spectators, more because of her manner of speech than what she said. And there were more laughs when she couldn't for some reason remember "important" facts, such as what time of day she visited Dr. Pierce three years ago and when she met with Richard Poore in 1972 (a meeting Poore had earlier denied). So when Mrs. Young, an obese, middle-aged woman, shuffled up to the stand and, asked to read a statement by a defense lawyer, admitted she couldn't read, the resulting mirth, however subdued, was not surprising.

The ACLU lawyers, before resting their case for the plaintiffs Monday afternoon, had tried to prove several things. First, they said, Pierce's policy on "voluntary" sterilization was racially discriminatory. Second, Aiken County DSS director Poore and state DSS chief Archie Ellis knew about the discrimination for some while before doing anything to put a stop to it. Third, Pierce's discrimination, both on racial and welfare-status grounds, was illegal under state and federal laws and should have resulted in Pierce having his Medicaid funds cut off. Fourth, the sterilization of Virgil Walker wasn't "medically indicated." Finally, hospital administrator Nesbit and hospital board chairman George Poda must have known that Pierce's discriminatory policy was being followed at their hospital, yet they allowed it to continue.

The cases against Rev. Ellis and Poda were the weakest of the lot, causing Judge Blatt to throw out all charges against the two men. Ellis, a former Baptist minister who has headed the state Department of Social Services since 1970, claimed that the first he had heard of Pierce's sterilization policy was in July of 1973, when he read about it in the Charlotte Observer. He immediately launched an investigation in Aiken County, Ellis said, which resulted two and a half months later in Pierce's Medicaid fees being withheld.

Ellis, who is white, has been embroiled in a number of controversies this year. The most publicized was his clash with Governor Jim Edwards over which of the two men would control the spending of $32 million in federal social services funds. A member of the state DSS board recently asked for Ellis' resignation, claiming the director had "bungled" several departmental matters. The state DSS has been accused of inefficiency and errors from several sources, including a report from the U.S. Commissioner of Welfare, and Ellis has also been accused of wasteful spending of his department's funds.

Judge Blatt, in considering defense motions for dismissal of the charges against

Continued on page six

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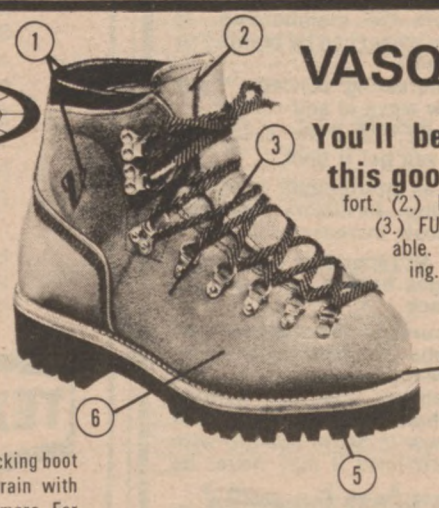

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Sterilization

Continued from page five

Ellis, said "there is no evidence whatsoever" that Ellis knew what Pierce was doing. Blatt said the only charge applicable to Ellis would be that of "gross negligence" for not knowing how Medicaid funds (distributed by DSS) were being used. But the judge decided there wasn't enough evidence at that point to even keep Ellis on trial.

But it's interesting to note that the alleged discrimination against Shirley Brown happened after Ellis began his investigation of the Pierce matter. Ellis told the court that he'd sent DSS representatives to interview Pierce on July 26, 1973, and that he'd personally met with the controversial obstetrician "somewhere in the early part of September." Yet Mrs. Brown was involuntarily discharged on September 3 from the hospital, when she refused to agree to be sterilized by Pierce. While Brown's "premature" discharge from the hospital (as her mother termed it) may have occurred before Ellis met with Pierce, it took place a month and a half after Ellis said he first found out about Pierce's discrimination.

Pierce had been having a lucrative trade with Medicaid patients for a long while. DSS records presented at the trial showed that Pierce received a total of $60,826 in Medicaid funds during an 18-month period from January 1, 1972, through June 30, 1973. But the withholding of Medicaid funds -- comprised of 76 percent federal monies and 24 percent state funds -- is not the only sanction DSS could have used to stop discriminatory practices. DSS could also notify the State Board of Medical Examiners, the U.S. Justice Department, the State Human Affairs Commission, or the local solicitor. Ellis testified that he notified the three agencies of the possible discrimination (a claim which probably did more to get Ellis off the hook for gross negligence than anything else).

There are two basic questions that have been raised by the Aiken sterilization trial. The first is, does a doctor have the right to choose his patients in a practically monopolistic situation where the doctor's discrimination unduly restricts the patient's freedom of choice? And also, when does a "private doctor" become a "public doctor?"

The opinions of other doctors testifying at the trial showed a divergence of thought as to whether Pierce acted unethically or not. One doctor testified that Pierce had stepped beyond the ethical bounds of the medical profession in treating welfare patients differently than private patients. But Dr. Niles Borop, head of obstetric and gynecological services at Aiken County Hospital, came to Pierce's defense. Borop, a white-haired, crew-cut, elderly man, said, "I can see no reason why this would be unethical...I have never heard anybody say it was unethical." Borop, who said he doesn't treat Medicaid patients, claimed that "any doctor has a right to decide who his patients will be, and who they won't be."

Yet, when asked by an ACLU attorney if he had followed or would follow Pierce's policy toward welfare mothers with three or more children, Borop was cautious and evasive. "No, I've never had that policy," he said, and he wouldn't follow it now. It's just that "some patients I prefer not to have," Borop explained. "I have enough (private patients) that I just don't want to take them (welfare patients)."

But Pierce's and Borop's contentions that they should be able to choose their patients is based on their claim that they are private doctors. In the case of Pierce, that's a claim that the lawyers for Walker and Brown rightfully took issue with. The fact that Pierce received almost $3,400 a month in federal and state Medicaid fees while following an allegedly discriminatory policy destroys much of the doctor's argument.

The problem of negligence by social services officials has been secondary at the trial to the overt discrimination practices by Pierce. But if anything, it deserves more attention. The Department of Social Services is in a good position to prevent discrimination because of race or economic status, having the economic clout to prevent it. Yet the apparent gains made by the civil rights legislation of the 1960's have often been nullified because of inadequate enforcement. The reason is, as one trial observer explained, "The welfare departments in the South didn't like the civil rights laws Congress passed, so they hired as many racists as they could. Now, a lot of the old people are starting to retire, and they're being replaced by younger, more liberal people. But there are still a lot of racists left."

BUSINESS WATCH

Continued from page three

years. Recent visitors to the Middle East report that new construction proceeds at a frenzied pace. Where yesterday there were mud huts, today modern plants and universities and office buildings spring up. Meanwhile Cadillacs jam the streets in both directions (25 gallons of gas costs $2 in Libya) and the airports are thick with foreigners eager to reap fast profits.

Given the Arabs' race against time, they will obviously not even consider lowering prices. The only sure bet is that they will increase them this fall, as dollar inflation cuts into the value of the money the sheikhs receive (ironically, much of that inflation was caused by the oil price increases). The Arabs know we need their oil and will continue to need it for the next ten years (despite high prices, dependence on Arab oil has actually increased this year). They feel they have just as much right as the West to live in an industrialized, affluent society. They might even argue that before the 1974 increase in petroleum and other foreign commodity prices, the underdeveloped world had been subsidizing an exorbitant American standard of living at the expense of their own living standards. These are powerful arguments in the Third World. Yet the Ford administration persists in believing it can "break" the oil cartel by gouging the American consumer and drying up consumer demand. But the administration's gasoline taxes and policies merely subsidize OPEC and prove to the Arabs that their inflated prices are not infeasible at all.

Instead of embarking upon a massive redistribution of wealth from poor and middle-class Americans to OPEC and the oil companies, the Ford administration should leave prices alone, that they might eventually become more responsive to demand. Domestic production can be stimulated by a host of possible tax incentives.

Before President Ford's veto last week of a bill to maintain the $5.25 a barrel price on "old" (pre-1972) domestic oil, the oil companies were able to sell $9.75 a barrel oil by mixing $5.25 oil with foreign $13 a barrel oil. But Ford's program is to forever remove such "low" prices, under the phony assumption that Americans will stop buying gas with extremely high prices at the gas pump. Thus the price of gasoline and other petroleum products will skyrocket as the "old" oil price is abolished. And, encouraged by Ford's moves, OPEC plans a hike to perhaps $15 a barrel in October. Many economists think this next OPEC price increase will be devastating, will quite possibly abort any economic recovery and will surely take many billions more out of the U.S. economy, further increasing inflation and unemployment.

No doubt the administration will be highly pleased.

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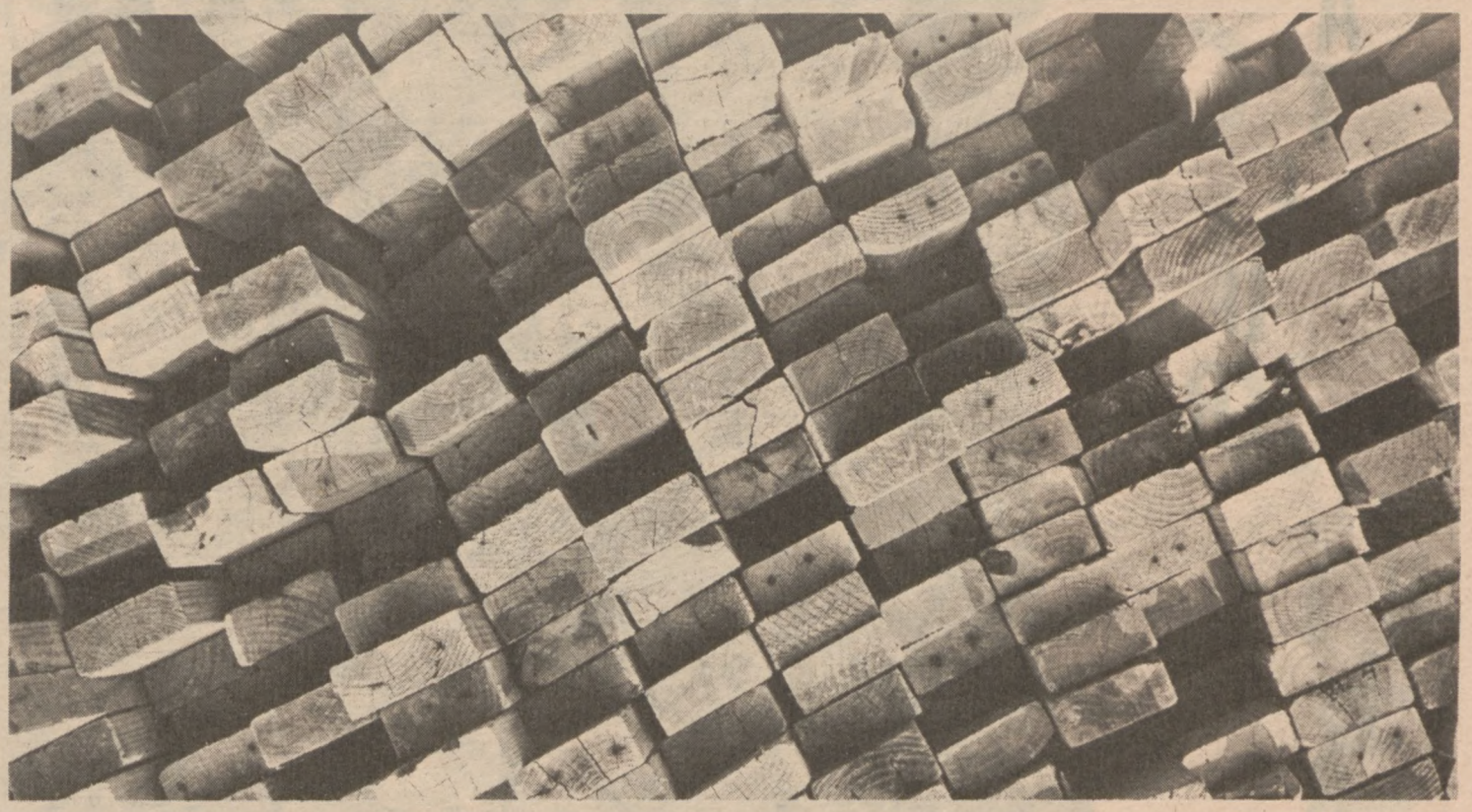

Robert M. Smith, Jr.

That Columbians are becoming increasingly aware of photography as a legitimate art is evident by the growing number of shutterbugs toting cameras around the city. Unfortunately, there have been precious few photo exhibits in town, and there's no value in cloistered art. So it is heartening to see the Museum of Art lending its support to photography with a nearly month long exhibit by three local photographers -- Robert M. Smith Jr., C. Edward Beaman, and Hunter L. Clarkson.

This particular exhibit seems to be one of the most popular that the Museum of Art has had recently. Its appeal probably lies in the fact that almost all of the photos are of South Carolina scenes and lifestyles, with a good many of the photos being taken in Columbia. The theme of the show is described on placards at the entrances to the exhibit: "There are many ways to see things that surround us every day. We're about to show you some of the things we've seen...and hope it will give you a fresh approach to see and appreciate our people, industry, environment and heritage."

Smith, founder and president of Cine Graphics of Columbia, Beaman, who works for Cine Graphics, and Clarkson, a former employee of the commercial and industrial photography firm, say the purpose of their show is "to depict, in an unusual way that does not ordinarily meet the eye, the world of commonplace subjects in our environment."

Under their self-imposed limitations, the photographers have done a creditable job in capturing part of the essence of everyday life in South Carolina.

One problem with the exhibit, if one considers it a problem, is that the photographers seem more concerned with their images as demonstrations of artistic principles -- patterns, lines, and textures -- than as a means of graphically communicating ideas. It's really a matter of values, whether one places more importance on subject or form. The impression one gets from the exhibit is that the photographers went out of their way to find subjects as mundane as possible, and then tried to liven them up as much as possible by careful attention to details, angles, and perspectives. That's one of the more challenging ways to approach photography, to say the least.

The most common subject of the show is the construction site, with the myriad shapes and patterns which it offers to the sharp-eyed photographer -- a classic setting for camera enthusiasts. The preoccupation with construction shots, especially by Beaman and Smith, works to squeeze out the other stated subthemes of the show (environment, people, and heritage). Of the few portraits displayed, the best is Smith's photo of a group of wizened farm women on the porch of a weatherbeaten home, reminiscent of the Depression era work of Dorothea Lange, Walker Evans and others. Unfortunately, the print is marred by poor craftsmanship -- lack of contrast, and dust spots.

The "heritage" part of the exhibit consists mainly of architectural shots of historic buildings throughout the state, including a number of sites on the Scenic Columbia tour route. The closest the exhibit comes to environmental photography is a handful of photos of flowers and other flora. Conspicuously, none of the abundant species of beautiful birds and animals South Carolina can boast of are presented, to the detriment of the environmental subtheme. The architectural photos suffer to a certain extent from a lack of imagination and variety; most were shot (by Smith) from the same camera angle.

Nearly all of the 150 or so prints displayed are "straight" prints using conventional, simple printing techniques. There is one negative print, along with several high contrast shots, to add a change of pace. The most imaginative "manipulated" print is Clarkson's "The First Guitar Lesson," which uses high contrast tones and solarization in a unique photomontage.

Poor printing makes a number of otherwise good photos lackluster. Many of the shots of scenic houses are made bland by the "bald," cloudy skies -- a shortcoming which could have been fairly easily overcome during the printing process. A lack of humor is evident throughout the exhibit.

But the minuses of an exhibit are usually easier to describe than the pluses, as is the case here. The pluses are best seen for oneself. Particularly good are some of Beaman's construction shots, the portraits of working people by Smith, and several nature photos by Clarkson that show the influence of naturalist masters Ansel Adams and Edward Weston.

Smith has a long string of achievements in both still photography and cinematography, and he has taken photos for the political campaigns of former governor John West and Kentucky senator Wendell Ford. Beaman and Clarkson are both young, having received bachelor's degrees from Clemson in 1973 and USC in 1974 respectively. Beaman has had many photos published in Clemson publications, and Clarkson won the 1974 Best-of-Show Award in the Springs Mills Show.

Bob Thompson

LETTERS

Continued from page two

regarding Mr. Johnson, his opponent, are based on pure conjecture. You say nothing about the qualifications of either man, nor do you comment upon whether one might be a greater asset to the board than the other. Instead your article deals only with political considerations.

Throughout the entire article you make reference to Dr. Ellis's political abilities as though these abilities were somehow negative. If you think the commissioner of any state agency in South Carolina or in any state for that matter could survive without political finesse you are sadly naive. What more effective way is there for the man to be an advocate for his agency and the people it serves?

I hope this letter will cause the staff at Osceola to consider returning to more accurate reporting.

Sincerely,
Martha J. Carrillo

We welcome letters from our readers and will from time to time print samples of such correspondence. We reserve the write to edit for length and clarity, but will, for the most part, leave them alone. Letters should be typed, double-spaced, and must be signed by the author. On certain occasions we will withhold the name of the author if it is requested, but the letter must be signed for our information.

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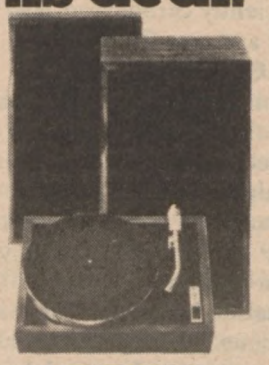

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AMATEUR NIGHT

At the awards breakfast on Sunday morning in the dining hall at Furman University, the Miss South Carolina Pageant people -- the Greenville Jaycees, the girls, their chaperones, coaches, parents, guests, and a few members of the press -- all found themselves in a kind of pensive stupor. The pageant week, which like the endless flow of free Pepsi Cola had seemed insufficiently carbonated, had bubbled its last and was fizzling to a close. The new Queen of South Carolina, Cynthia Louise Anthony, the former Miss Lexington, had been officially crowned and otherwise coronated the night before. The Big Surprise had come and gone, and now a post-euphoric back-to-work-on-Monday morning resignation had settled in across the spacious hall. Assistant chairman of the pageant, Jaycee John Clark, mumbled an invocation -- a perfunctory and embarrassed high sign to Jehovah by one of the many thousands of the week's transgressors of the first and fourth commandments. Everyone ate in relative silence. Figuratively speaking it had been a demanding tee-totaling week for the Jaycees in charge and many or most had stayed at home. Chairman of the pageant, Joe Sanders, one of those rare attractively heavy men for whom a loss of weight would be an aesthetic disaster, looked as if the proverbial sandman had visited his bed with a load of the "sleepies" the size of a dump truck. Awards were awarded and gifts were distributed and the usual grand little speeches were made in a hung-over daze. But everyone, including the small press combo, managed to go through the motions.

After breakfast, having retired upstairs to change from morning glory white into a more photogenic floor-length green evening dress, the new Miss South Carolina entered the suave Trustees Room next to the dining hall to meet the press and take her first toddling steps in the field of public relations. Sitting in one small corner of the room with about a half a dozen reporters and photographers, Cynthia Louise Anthony seems to possess in commendable B-minus form that nebulously sacred virtue of beauty queens, Poise -- no small feat considering the fact that she was wearing "It," that little silver crown which looks up close as it does from afar -- like a prize from a box of King Kong's cracker jacks. Gail Sanders, Joe's wife and in charge of the pageant staging, sat to the side as a provisional chaperone and watched with a deceptive maternal refrain. She was, in fact, scrupulously evaluating little Cyndi's first real performance. No sweat at all. The polite press combo served up questions like cheesecake and the genuinely nice Cyndi Anthony accepted each with a friendly bite and a chirpy smile.

Now what, what did it feel like to be Miss South Carolina, coaxed the press combo? What did she think about when she woke up that morning?

"Well, it keeps running through my head," said little Cyndi with an appealing aftertaste of hoarseness in her voice. "It keeps running through my head that I **am** Miss South Carolina, but I still feel...me...and I hope that it never goes to my head. I hope I never think: I'm a Queen, you know, I feel like a Queen but I hope I'm never an untouchable -- ever."

What values would she hope to personify as Miss South Carolina and perhaps the next Miss America?

"Well. I hope that I can always be touchable, that I can always be me...It's just a crown on my head...and I hope that I can project the image of a total woman -- not just beautiful in face and figure but beautiful inside too."

She smiled, as they say of everyday kids in everyday contexts, "from ear to ear," not a pageant glossy smile, but a cute, pubescent, vulnerable ear-to-ear. For little Cyndi (33-22-34) who stands only five-foot-three and weighs only a hundred, the shot at the ultimate prize in Atlantic City was a "childhood dream come true." For seven years, since age 15 she had been working regularly with great success in South Carolina's beauty pageant statusphere. Press and patrons in the Trustees Room on Sunday morning were paying their respects not only to the former Miss Lexington, but to the former **Junior** Miss Lexington, the former Lexington County Peach Queen, the former South Carolina Bluegrass Music, Zelia, Apple, and Fresh Fruits and Vegetables Queens, and the former Miss Southern 500.

"And now the typical women's lib type question." A girl reporter in blue jeans and tennis shoes kindly pulled the question's embarrassing punch: "What would you say to feminists who accuse you of encouraging the idea of women as objects?"

"Well, I think that's absolutely ridiculous. I do believe in equality of men and women and of all races, and I feel that whatever an individual's goal is he should go after that, and I think Marlo Thomas' book **Free To Be Me** exemplifies just how I feel."

Cyndi, whose meet-the-press dress was sleeveless, shoulderless, was as nonetheless down-to-earth as a Girl Scout selling cookies on her honor. Her only possible coquettish flaw was her large brown eyes -- they took too long to blink sometimes, making her look at split second intervals in the interview like a darling bulge-eyed newborn baby robin begging for a worm.

At the pageant, whoever got the most points won, of course. But it was almost as if this corny little divinity had been bestowed upon Cyndi by some process of supernatural selection; it was as if she had indeed generated spontaneously from a chaotic week of cultural nonsense. Nevertheless everyone generally agreed that Cyndi had copped the top prize by charming the judges with her talent presentation. She had sung "Chacun Le Sait," a French Aria from the opera "La Fille De Regiment." Although almost half of the contestants had been songstresses of one sort of another, this was the only classical piece on the bill. Cyndi had played the song to more than its hilt, like a trinket gypsy, with coarse acting mannerisms, and had succeeded in distilling a comic scene to one of

IN DIXIE

straight burlesque. It had been a crowd pleaser, however, and had generated several generous waves of applause.

As in most beauty pageants which really aren't just beauty pageants or even beauty pageants at all, the girls in the Miss South Carolina competition had -- and most presumably still claim to possess -- what was referred to reverentially as Talent. Some of the girls, like Cyndi or Jane McDonnell from Anderson, an accomplished violinist, had lived with their talents for a long time and others like Miss Berkeley County, a ventriloquist (of sorts), or Miss Saluda, a musical comedy songstress (of sorts), had pieced theirs together from things in the attic. It is the latter group, of course, who always look foolish and (deep down, you bet, behind that smile) feel most embarrassed, but whether the celebrated talent is two weeks old or the product of a young prodigious lifetime, it is always, in the beauty pageant, as it was at Miss South Carolina, an ornamental exercise, the celebration of human behavior as a decorative art. A girl in too complete control of her talent would be in danger of usurping her role as princess. It was Cyndi Anthony who possessed one of the most brilliantly decorative talents in the Miss South Carolina competition. On stage she was at once like the little bride figure on top of a giant wedding cake and the mythical wind-up doll who really comes alive in the toy shop at night. Most of the other girls, especially the worst ones, the scavenger talents, came off, in effect, like tomboys in this Little League of debutantes-at-heart.

Talent was nothing less than a magic word in the pageant milieu. It seemed to subsume both the word "Art" as used by the dilettantes of high culture and the phrase "the arts" as used by the community enrichment people. For the girl who was reasonably good, or at least not embarrassing, her talent was her gift of purest gold, the ultimate sublimation of her pre-supposed chastity, the Oracle, so to speak, from the Orifice of Delpi. For the girl who was patently, clumsily bad, her talent was still something to be proud of, like an operantly-conditioned dog trick, like the courageous conquering of a "congenital" handicap.

The parade of Her Talents provided cruel sport for any spectator with an impulse to merriment equally divided between sentimentality and satire. Once the jaundiced eye had reconciled the fact, however crudely, that the girls in the pageant were sincere and nice with the fact that he was rotten and nasty, he was free to single out and savor those talents which were not so bad as to be embarrassing, yet not so good as to be part of the pageant's window dressing -- in other words, those of Her Talents which were corny in the highest, most hilarious and endearing way. Under these criteria, the most stunning performance of the week came from Miss Lake City who dressed up like a second shepherd in a Christmas play and to her own guitar accompaniment sang an original religious folk-song entitled "The Tax Collector's Prayer." Second to Miss Lake City was Miss Honea Path, the winner of the traditional Miss Congeniality Award, who did an original monologue in front of three of her oil paintings. It was called "The Gallery" and began: "The Gallery. It tells us so much about life..." Honorable mention would have gone to Miss Darlington who did a classical ballet to the overture from "The Sound of Music."

The bathing suit competition had been an embarrassing ordeal for all but the most completely self-confident or perfectly endowed. "If you can be poised in a swim-suit in front of all those people, you can be poised in any situation" was the oft-heard stoic comment from those contestants called upon to justify that portion of the pageant most vehemently critized by feminists. The girls usually made this statement in a very somber tone, as if "any situation" included not only any situation in the pageant competition, but any situation in life. It was as if a few excruciating moments of rank exhibitionism constituted a definitive act of moral courage. This was the perfect expression of an ethics of etiquette, but all philosophizing aside, the performance in swim-suit was ludicrously funny.

The girls were, as usual, required to wear some kind of high heels, most of which proved to be the orthopedic equivalent of silicone. Most tottered down the stage ramp and out onto the runway as if they were negotiating their way with a panicky smile through a cow pasture or a mine field. Flashy, professionally cool, darin' derrieres were few and far between. Most quivered. Many were what are traditionally known in show biz as "dead ends:" they looked like they were patiently waiting for a thermometer. Some of the girls had to tape their bosoms for sufficient cleavage. One and all lubricated their perennial smiles with Vaseline.

●●●●●●●●●●●●●

Back in the Trustees Room sleepy Joe Sanders suggested to the press that the new Queen had a busy day and that it was time to wrap things up. It was time to get the Jaycees new show horse on the road. Everyone rose to graciously thank Miss Cyndi Anthony. She smiled. They smiled. The world smiled. Nice girl, but too bad: pageant beauties, unfortunately, exist in the eyes of their beholders and promoters. And next week at the Beaufort Water Festival, Cynthia Louise Anthony would be beheld not as a beautiful woman, or even as a pretty girl, but as a souvenir of this somewhat languid Pageant Week That Was. Earlier in the morning, Miss Mullins, a gangling girl who tap-danced to "In the Mood," had provided a promise for next year's pageant. "There is this friend of mine from Mullins," she said. "She plays fantastic organ, fantastic piano, and she's got the looks. She'll be ready next year. She gets her braces off in August."

By Dan Lackey

events & entertainment

EDITED BY VENSON STEADMAN, JULY 25 - AUGUST 1

CINEMA

ATLANTIC I THEATRE, 3220 Two Notch Road, 786-0790

"Deliver Us From Evil" is an unspecified quantity except that it is rated PG and runs at 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, and 9:30.

ATLANTIC II THEATRE, 3220 Two Notch Road, 786-0790

"Beyond Fulfilment" and "High School Fantasies" promise the usual X rated diversions. Shows start at 3:30 with the last complete show at 8:30.

CINE-ART THEATRE, 1017 Washington Street, 779-3039

"Sleepy Head" with Tina Russell and Georgina Spelvin is on first followed by "Head Nurse." Both are rated X, and continuous shows start at 1 p.m.

CAROLINA THEATRE, 1223 Main Street, 252-8011

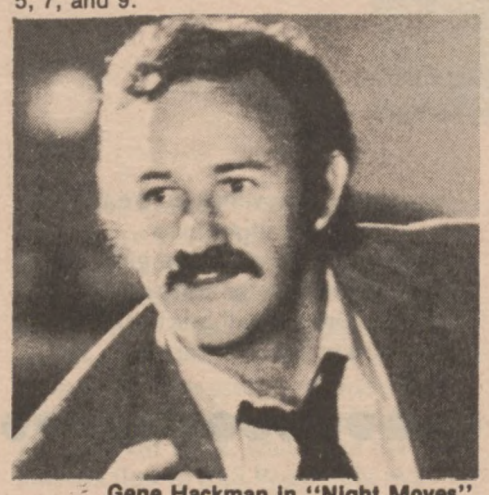
"The Sister-in-Law" is an R-rated teaser that runs at 1, 3, 5, 7, and 9.

DUTCH SQUARE NORTH THEATRE, Dutch Square Mall, 798-1110

"The Land That Time Forgot," an Edgar Rice Burroughs adventure film, continues for another week. Doug McClure stars. PG. 3:15, 5, 6:45, and 8.

FOX THEATRE, 1607 Main Street, 254-5212

"Night Moves." Gene Hackman plays a former footballer who turns private eye and is "caught up in a dark web of crime." Arthur Penn directed and the co-stars are Susan Clark and Jennifer Warren. R. 1, 3, 5, 7, and 9.



Gene Hackman in "Night Moves"

GAMECOCK I THEATRE, Parkland Plaza Shopping Center, 796-0022

"The Other Side of the Mountain." Another week for this love story about the crippling of a professional skier. PG. 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, and 9:30.

GAMECOCK II THEATRE, Parkland Plaza Shopping Center, 796-0022

"The Happy Hooker" also stays around. This "authorized" adaptation (there are several unauthorized versions) of Xaviera Hollander's book has its roots both in porno and the porno industry, but Lynn Redgrave is probably as soft-core a madame as there ever was, and she emphasizes the philosophy behind Hollander's book -- in effect, what's wrong with pleasure that harms no one? An enjoyable, low-key movie. R. 1:40, 3:30, 5:20, 7:10, and 9.

Lynn Redgrave

JEFFERSON SQUARE THEATRE, Jefferson Square, Downtown, 254-6731

"The Wind and the Lion" takes you by surprise. What with Brian Keith as Teddy Roosevelt and Candice Bergen as a widow captured by pirates in 1904, it promises to be campy and pointless, but it turns out remarkably beautiful, primarily because of Sean Connery's romantically evocative performance as the Berber chieftain, Jerry Goldsmith's lovely, Rimsky-Korsakovian score, and director/writer John Milius' very obvious feeling for his subject. An unusually successful film treatment of the literary experiences of childhood. PG. 2, 4:30, 7, and 9:30.

MIRACLE THEATRE, 1228 Main Street, 256-1950

"Mitchell" is a police story starring Joe Don Baker of "Walking Tall." R. 2, 3:50, 5:45, 7:35, and 9:25.

PALMETTO THEATRE, 1417 Main Street, 254-5800

"The Return of the Pink Panther." The return of Peter Sellers after too long away from the screen is an event to be heralded, and if this unassuming comedy never rises above the pratfalls of low humor, Sellers' soft sell approach and director Blake Edwards' fast, blackout style turn it into a thoroughly delightful good time. With Herbert Lom as the Chief Inspector who winds up in a rubber room because of Clouseau's bungling, a very lovely Catherine Schell, and Christopher Plummer putting in an appearance. G. 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, and 9:30. No 1:30 show Monday through Thursday. The late show on the 25th and 26th will be "Phase IV." On August 1st and 2nd, Woody Allen's "Take the Money and Run."

PLAZA III THEATRE, 1323 Main Street, 254-7960

"Walking Tall, Part II." More of the same in this sequel to the popular story of Buford Pusser. It won't be a continuing story because Pusser was killed in a car crash last year. Bo Svenson, last seen in "The Great Waldo Pepper," is cast this time in the lead, and the director is Phil Karlson of the original as well as "Framed." 1, 3, 5, 7, and 9. On July 25th and 26th there will be a late show at 11 p.m., "The Groove Tube."

RICHLAND MALL I THEATRE, Richland Mall, 782-2228

"The Apple Dumpling Gang." Don Knotts, Tim Conway, and Susan Clark in a Disney film about bumbling crooks. G. 1, 3, 5, 7, and 9.

RICHLAND MALL II THEATRE, Richland Mall, 782-2228

"Funny Lady." A reasonably entertaining musical, but Streisand seems headed toward becoming the Joan Crawford of her generation; cast as a distinguished "lady" of the theatre (Fanny Brice after Ziegfeld) she loses the irreverence and spirited innocence that made her so appealing in the first place. All the same, Streisand singing is enough to make any movie worthwhile, and James Caan is not bad as Brice's second husband Billy Rose. PG. 2, 4:30, 7, and 9:30. The late show on July 25 and 26 at 11:15 is "The Magic Christian."

CLUBS

THE JADE EAST, Carolina Inn, 937 Assembly Street, 799-8200

"Swing" finishes on the weekend of the 25th and 26th. "Jubilation" is the band through next week. The cover is $3 for men, $2 for women, $5 for couples.

THE SECOND LEVEL, 2011 Devine Street, 771-4794

On July 25 and 26 "Heads of State" will be appearing. Next week the schedule is: Rob Crosby on Monday and Wednesday, Buzz Peele on Tuesday, Jim, Lee and Connie on Thursday, and "The Columbians," a top forty group, for the weekend of the 1st and 2nd. 50 cents during the week, $1 on the weekend.

THE LEFT GUARD, 2728 Rosewood Drive, 799-2575

"Dixie Peach" for the 25th and 26th. "Mama's Pride" is the probable group for the following week. The cover is usually $1.50 for members after 9 p.m., free before 9.

THE CHOPPING BLOCK, 1021 Briargate Circle, 772-2011

Norman Cross and his band for the weekend of July 25th and 26th. Eddie "Sweet Thang" Brown takes over for the following week. No cover charge.

THE THREE CHAIRMEN, 1824 Edmund Rd., Cayce, 794-1290

"Just Two," a female country folk duo on the 25th and Chris Richards on Saturday, the 26th. No cover.

THE PUMPERNICKEL, Arcade Mall, Downtown, 254-0775

Friday, the 25th, "Erospace." Saturday and next Monday, Jim, Lee and Connie, Tuesday Jim (from J,L & C), Blind Dave, and Susan Speltzer, Wednesday Charles, Friday "The Ventralis Band" and Jim, Lee and Connie once again on Saturday, August 1. No cover charge.

THEATRE

The schedule for the last week of USC Summer Repertory Theatre will be as follows: William Inge's "Picnic" on the 25th, 29th and 30th; "Hot I Baltimore" for the 26th, 31st and August 1; "Charley's Aunt" on the 27th and August 2nd. Tickets are $3 for adults, $2 for USC faculty and staff, and $1 for students. Curtain time is 8:15 nightly except on Sunday, when performances will be at 3 p.m.

SPECIALS

The South Carolina Association for Better Food and Housing will hold a meeting to interest new members in the organization on Monday, July 28 at 7:30 p.m. at the Mid-Carolina Coop Building at 3505 San Bernadino Road. The association is involved in alternative ways to build housing, and alternative ways to grow and process food.

ART

The Columbia Museum of Art is continuing its three summer exhibits. "Photographic Art" is a collection of work by three Columbia area photographers, C. Edward Beaman, Hunter L. Clarkson, and Robert M. Smith, and will be presented in the Museum Corridor through August 13.

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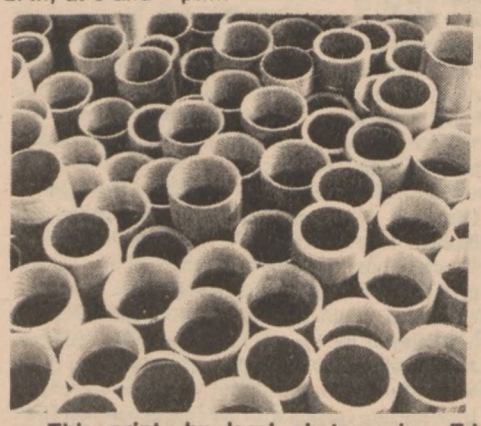
(reviewed on page seven). "Etruscan Art is a mini-exhibit upstairs in the Case Gallery featuring artifacts and art objects from Italy's Etruscan culture. It has been arranged in cooperation with the USC art department. "Paintings by Paull" presents thirty pictures by representationalist Paull Anderson, and will continue through July 27th. The three photographers have also announced a repeat performance of their multi-media slide show, "Celebration of Life," to be held Sunday afternoon, July 27th, at 3 and 4 p.m.



This print, by local photographer Ed Beaman, is part of the "Photographic Art" exhibit on display at the Columbia Museum of Art through August 3.

MUSIC

The Carolina Coliseum will be presenting "Graham Central Station" and "Eagles" on August 1 and 3 respectively. Tickets for both concerts will be $6.50, $5.50, and $4.50, and are available at the Coliseum box office and standard ticket outlets.

TELEVISION

Saturday, July 26

1:30 p.m. - Don Kirshner's Rock Concert. The Ozark Mountain Daredevils, Chick Corea, and Roy Buchanan. (Channel 25)

2:15 p.m. - Baseball. The Los Angeles Dodgers versus the Cincinnati Reds. (Channel 10)

8 p.m. - Keep On Truckin.' Lampoonin' and spoofin' the world of entertainment. This week an interview with a munchkin is promised. (Channel 25)

9 p.m. - Democratic National Telethon. If it's like last year's, the main ploy for money will be out of sympathy because the TV production is so pathetic. Still there are a lot of famous people plugging for the cause including Alan Alda, Lily Tomlin, Jack Lemmon, Ben Vereen, and of course a passel of Presidential hopefuls. (Channel 25)

11 p.m. - Movie. Another showing for "Shall We Dance," classic Astaire/Rogers from 1937. Words and music by George and Ira Gershwin, and the cast includes Edward Everett Horton. (Channel 19)

Sunday, July 27

10:30 a.m. - Marshall Efron's Sunday School. How things were with Jonah after he got out of the whale. (Channel 19)

12 p.m. - The Demo Telethon continues. (Channel 25)

1 p.m. - Movie. "Hollywood Canteen." A wartime (1944) revue with the Warner's family, Bette Davis, John Garfield, Jack Benny, Joe E. Brown, Roy Rogers, and Ida Lupino, performing in songs and skits and an incidental romance between Robert Hutton and Joan Leslie. (Channel 19)

5:30 p.m. - Jean Shepherd's America. Trains and their lore are the subject as Shepherd rides "The City of Los Angeles" on its last journey westward. Whether or not one believes all of Shepherd's reminisces (and who could?) he's probably the best story teller ever on series T.V. (Channel 35)

6 p.m. - Conversations With Eric Sevareid. George F. Kennan, former ambassador to the U.S.S.R., talks about the Cold War and detente. (Channel 19)

4:30 p.m. - Golf. The 66th annual Canadian Open from Quebec. (Channel 19)

9:30 p.m. - Firing Line. Theodore White, who once declared Nixon a great President, now considered him a villain and says so to William F. Buckley. (Channel 25)

9:30 p.m. - Sixty Minutes. Improved reporting and a new time for the remainder of the summer. (Channel 19)

11:15 p.m. - Movie. Whatever one may think about its theme and premises, Edward Albee's "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf" is obviously a harrowing and highly dramatic bit of theatre and comes across with a wallop in Mike Nichols' 1966 film version. One of Richard Burton's last worthwhile performances as George, Elizabeth Taylor came about as close as she ever did to acting as Martha, and George Segal and Sandy Dennis were both good as the baffled guests. Edited (but not much) for television. (Channel 19)

Monday, July 28

10 p.m. - Mr. Rooney Goes to Washington. The Federal bureaucracy and how it doesn't work are the subject of this not entirely serious report by CBS News producer Andrew Rooney. Repeat. (Channel 19)

11:05 p.m. - Movie. Dean Martin and Lana Turner play for laughs in 1962's "Who's Got the Action." With Eddie Albert, Jack Albertson, and Walter Matthau in the days before he became a top banana. (Channel 19)

Tuesday, July 29

8:30 p.m. - Movie. "Isn't It Shocking?" A TV movie about a small town sheriff who suspects euthanasia when senior citizens disappear. Sounds lousy, but there's Alan Alda, Louise Lasser (Woody Allen's ex-wife and comedy partner), Will Geer, and Ruth Gordon. (Channel 25)

10 p.m. - Charles Ives -- An American Original. Harvey Hinshaw plays Ives' "Concord Sonata." (Channel 35)

11 p.m. - Ferril, etc. The work of the Western poet and essayist is dramatized by Denver's Third Eye Theatre Group. (Channel 35)

Wednesday, July 30

9 p.m. - Hollywood Television Theater. "Shakespere Wallah" is an Indian film about a touring company doing the classics in the Indian provinces. Naturally there's a romantic complication. 1965. (Channel 35)

10 p.m. - A new series for singer-comedian Jim Stafford. Regulars include Valerie Curtin and Richard Stahl. (Channel 25)

Thursday, July 31

8 p.m. - Gladys Knight and the Pips. Charles Nelson Reilly and Ben Vereen are the guests. (Channel 10)

9 p.m. - Movie. "The Adventures of Mark Twain" has the wonderful Frederic March as Twain and lots of people: Alexis Smith, Donald Crisp, John Carradine, Percy Kilbride, and Robert Barrat. 1944. (Channel 19)

Friday, August 1

9:30 p.m. - Drama. "Catholics." Trevor Howard in Brian Moore's play about religious dissension in a hypothetical Irish monastery of the future. (Channel 19)

1 a.m. - Night Dreams. "Midnight Special" gives way temporarily to a music special starring 10 C.C., The Spinners, B.J. Thomas, Black Oak Arkansas, and Tanya Tucker. (Channel 10)

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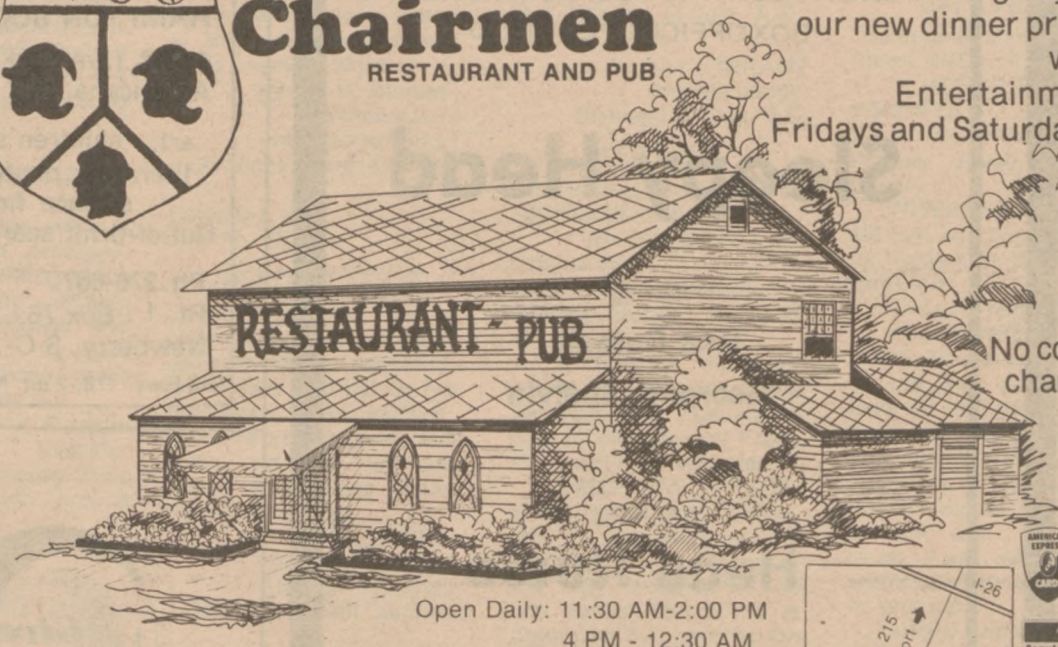

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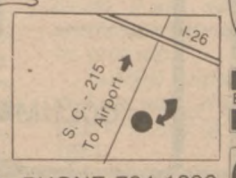

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films

by Venson Steadman

A satisfying film adventure

Candice Bergen and Sean Connery

Not ordinarily being a devotee of swashbucklers or "epic adventures," I must confess to my unabashed liking for **The Wind and the Lion.** Liking because this movie transcends one of the usual weaknesses of adventure films -- the failure to convey that sense of romantic mystery that is the principal strength of the literary genre from which they derive. Confess because **The Wind and the Lion** participates in another of those traditional weaknesses in that it is frequently, inarguably dumb.

It's the dumbness that hits you first. The plot itself is a rather iffy proposition, being the true story of an American widow's political abduction by Barbary pirates in Morocco in 1904, and the efforts by President Teddy Roosevelt to obtain her release. Never mind Mayaguez (obviously this project was started long before Ford's "courageous" interventions, although its release coincided oddly with the breast-beating that followed), but this story is rife with over-obvious points about the confrontation of forces, power versus noble courage, and the title suggests one of those classically bad epic logos -- abstracting the subject so that it becomes Larger Than Life.

And one's misgivings are hardly put to rest when the widow in question turns out to be Candice Bergen. Bergen may be one of the worst actresses ever to hit the screen, not so much because she's incompetent, as because she is obviously not an actress at all. Like Ali MacGraw, she makes it impossible to put aside disbelief because one is constantly aware that she is no one other than who she is; they're like smart college kids playing at being other people and when they must simulate real emotion the strain becomes ludicrous. Whether she is hilariously awful, as in **Soldier Blue,** or just rotten, as in **Carnal Knowledge,** Bergen's presence in a movie is a definite promise of dumbness.

This time around she's as bad as ever, but she's developed some tics that are at least amusing. Playing a dignified middle-class lady who is also full of spunk, Bergen becomes a kind of Doris Day in Arabia, and one is repeatedly reminded of the characteristic Day gestures. For example, when the head pirate lops off the heads of a couple of disloyal sycophants, Bergen does a patented Day take, the look away, raised eyebrows, and impatient smirk -- as though Rock Hudson had just walked in in his boxer shorts. Later, when threatened with becoming a desert concubine, she shish-kebabs a nomad and nothing more is made of it than if Doris had pushed a fresh guy into a swimming pool. Just part of the fun and games. To her credit, though, Bergen almost pulls it off; this is probably her best bad performance I've seen.

But there are even more problems with the presence of Teddy Roosevelt. T.R. must be one of those historical characters who, like Washington, are almost impossible to dramatize or play; when someone is this bizarre in real life it's hard to present their words and actions without seeming ridiculous. (Of course, one can always, as in **Arsenic and Old Lace,** use these characters for laughs.) Certainly Brian Keith gives it a heroic try -- providing a convincing, staccato declamation and mastering that peculiar teeth-gritting smile -- and the script is laced with self-amusement at the bully braggadocio of Roosevelt's idiom, but when Keith is on screen we are constantly on that tremulous verge between laughing with and at. Much as I like him as an actor, I think maybe he should have taken a walk on this one.

The Wind and the Lion has other problems worth mentioning, such as director-writer John Milius' penchant -- as in **Jeremiah Johnson** -- for dropping little pearls into the dialogue. "We'll meet again," says the sheik, "when we're both like golden clouds on the wind." Or there's the none too subtle irony, as when Roosevelt, after consenting to the bloody takeover of the banshaw's palace, declares of his foe, "Has he no respect for human life?" (It got a big laugh.)

But despite these flaws, in the end I found this movie irresistably likable -- likable because of the little things, such as Deborah Baxter as the wide-eyed, infectiously mirthful Alice Roosevelt, or the way the widow's children (Simon Harrison and Tolly Gottsman) view the bloody happenings with an objective, almost scientific curiosity ("He has a knife in his back," the boy observes calmly when one of the retainers gets his, or "Did you see that?!" during the head-chopping episode; when a severed tongue is brought in and laid down they gather around it: "It looks like the tongue of some kind of animal") or John Huston's rough-edged Secretary of State Hay, or the little directorial touches like a shot of a dog confused by the soldiers quick-stepping into the Moroccan capital. It's likable because of more important things like Jerry Goldsmith's beautifully atmospheric music -- derivative of Rimsky-Korsakov and "Scheherazade" -- and Billy Williams' cleanly photographed locations (postcard art certainly, but a very high quality of postcard art), because of Milius' forceful visual style. Milius, who seems to specialize in historical films (**Jeremiah Johnson** and **The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean** are his two most important earlier scripts) is also very obviously a Teddy Roosevelt buff, and with these rapid fire close-ups and vigorous, kinetic cutting he has found a style that almost perfectly matches his subject. For the aesthetician it's a classical mating between form and content.

Most of all I liked this movie because of Sean Connery. It seems to me one perpetual disadvantage of adventure films that they must show and tell too much; for those of us who soaked up these stories as kids it's always been a letdown to find the mythically courageous and mysterious hero played by Tyrone Power or Robert Taylor. After reading **Robin Hood** and encountering those wonderful Wyeth illustrations, who could recover from the film version with the ever pedestrian Errol Flynn? Even the Richard Lester **Musketeer** movies, while truer to the material, were more like an adult going back and rereading that classic, seeing the fun rather than the romance or mystery (indeed the romantic conventions were for the most part soundly debunked).

The Wind and the Lion, however, is told not from the viewpoint of an adult but from that of a child. Milius makes it clear with montages and lots of close-ups that it's the boy who is seeing this story. And Sean Connery fulfills these dreamy visions of romance because when he comes on screen, it's simply magic. I think Connery may be a great actor who has never gotten a chance for important screen roles, but it's always been true that he's been the best thing in his movies -- his presence has made junk like the Bond films or **Zardoz** (Boorman's interesting failure) both entertaining and worthwhile. As the bearded sheik with hair streaked with gray (both historically and in the movie he's over 50), wielding a scimitar or spinning tales around a fire, he might have stepped out of the **Arabian Nights** with no loss in the visualization. He rivets our attention to the screen, and with his wry, rather formal and maddeningly hard to place accent (he is Scottish by birth), he makes even the bad lines sound good.

It's Connery who makes this film, but obviously much of the credit goes to Milius for choosing him in the first place. Milius had bad luck, I think, with **Jeremiah Johnson.** However, as a director he has given himself better treatment than he got from Sidney Pollock and Robert Redford. **The Wind and the Lion** is full of flaws -- truly awful in spots and rather callously bloody -- and yet it comes about as dose as any movie I've seen (as close as the silents of Fairbanks Sr.) to being a satisfactory film treatment of historical romance. I hope Milius brings us more of the same in the future. -

"The Wind and the Lion" is now playing at the Jefferson Square Theatre.

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FINAL DISCHARGE

Notice is hereby given that Ray T. Calhoun, Executrix of the estate of Charles Calhoun, Deceased has this day made application unto me for a final discharge as such Executor; and that the 21st day of August 1975, at 10 o'clock a.m., at my office has been appointed for the hearing of said petition.

A. Ray Hinnant
Probate Judge
Richland County, S.C.
July 21, 1975

FINAL DISCHARGE

Notice is hereby given that A. Larry Bailey and Lola Bailey Looney, Executors of the estate of Lena L. Bailey, Deceased has this day made application unto me for a final discharge as such Executors; and that the 18th day of August 1975, at 10 o'clock a.m., at my office has been appointed for the hearing of said petition.

A. Ray Hinnant
Probate Judge
Richland County, S.C.
July 18, 1975

FINAL DISCHARGE

Notice is hereby given that Vernita G. Havird, Executrix of the estate of Elbert F. Havird, Deceased has this day made application unto me for a final discharge as such Executrix; and that the 18th day of August 1975, at 10 o'clock a.m., at my office has been appointed for the hearing of said petition.

A. Ray Hinnant
Probate Judge
Richland County, S.C.
July 18, 1975

FINAL DISCHARGE

Notice is hereby given that Ila Phillips Boltin, Executrix of the estate of Doyle Boltin, Deceased has this day made application unto me for a final discharge as such Executrix; and that the 18th day of August 1975, at 10 o'clock a.m., at my office has been appointed for the hearing of said petition.

A. Ray Hinnant
Probate Judge
Richland County, S.C.
July 18, 1975

richland county legal notices

More legal ads on page twelve

FINAL DISCHARGE

Notice is hereby given that Mildred Baxley Evans, Executrix of the estate of Sprunt E. Evans, Deceased has this day made application unto me for a final discharge as such Executrix; and that the 18th day of August 1975, at 10 o'clock a.m., at my office has been appointed for the hearing of said petition.

A. Ray Hinnant
Probate Judge
Richland County, S.C.
July 18, 1975

FINAL DISCHARGE

Notice is hereby given that John Gaillard Martin, Executor of the estate of Charles Franklin Martin, Deceased has this day made application unto me for a final discharge as such Executor; and that the 18th day of August 1975, at 10 o'clock a.m., at my office has been appointed for the hearing of said petition.

A. Ray Hinnant
Probate Judge
Richland County, S.C.
July 18, 1975

FINAL DISCHARGE

Notice is hereby given that Hattie S. Hunnicutt, Guardian of the estate of John Thomas Hunnicutt, Minor has this day made application unto me for a final discharge as such Guardian; and that the 18th day of August 1975, at 10 o'clock a.m., at my office has been appointed for the hearing of said petition.

A. Ray Hinnant
Probate Judge
Richland County, S.C.
July 18, 1975

FINAL DISCHARGE

Notice is hereby given that Ruby Shealy Crosland, Executrix of the estate of Johnnie Hugo Crosland, Deceased has this day made application unto me for a final discharge as such Executrix; and that the 18th day of August 1975, at 10 o'clock a.m., at my office has been appointed for the hearing of said petition.

A. Ray Hinnant
Probate Judge
Richland County, S.C.
July 18, 1975

FINAL DISCHARGE

Notice is hereby given that Jean O. Drotor, Executrix of the estate of Harry Windell Drotor, Deceased has this day made application unto me for a final discharge as such Executrix; and that the 18th day of August 1975, at 10 o'clock a.m., at my office has been appointed for the hearing of said petition.

A. Ray Hinnant
Probate Judge
Richland County, S.C.
July 16, 1975

FINAL DISCHARGE

Notice is hereby given that Velda M. Jaco, Administratrix of the estate of Dillard Jaco, Deceased has this day made application unto me for a final discharge as such Administratrix; and that the 21st day of August 1975, at 10 o'clock a.m., at my office has been appointed for the hearing of said petition.

A. Ray Hinnant
Probate Judge
Richland County, S.C.
July 21, 1975

FINAL DISCHARGE

Notice is hereby given that Raven S. Graydon and Augustus T. Graydon, Executors of the estate of Clinton Tompkins Graydon, Deceased has this day made application unto me for a final discharge as such Executors; and that the 21st day of August 1975, at 10 o'clock a.m., at my office has been appointed for the hearing of said petition.

A. Ray Hinnant
Probate Judge
Richland County
July 21, 1975

FINAL DISCHARGE

Notice is hereby given that Linda B. Laub, Guardian of the estate of Benjamin Dale Boney, Minor has this day made application unto me for a final discharge as such Minor; and that the 22nd day of August 1975, at 10 o'clock a.m., at my office has been appointed for the hearing of said petition.

A. Ray Hinnant
Probate Judge
Richland County, S.C.
July 22, 1975

FINAL DISCHARGE

Notice is hereby given that Robert N. Rosichan, Executor of the estate of Jeanette B. Rosichan, Deceased has this day made application unto me for a final discharge as such Executor; and that the 21st day of August 1975, at 10 o'clock a.m., at my office has been appointed for the hearing of said petition.

A. Ray Hinnant
Probate Judge
Richland County, S.C.
July 21, 1975

FINAL DISCHARGE

Notice is hereby given that Faye Long Davis, Executrix of the estate of Dixie Gregg Davis, Deceased has this day made application unto me for a final discharge as such Executrix; and that the 22nd day of August 1975, at 10 o'clock a.m., at my office has been appointed for the hearing of said petition.

A. Ray Hinnant
Probate Judge
Richland County, S.C.
July 22, 1975

FINAL DISCHARGE

Notice is hereby given that Carrie Mae Boykin, Administratrix of the estate of James Boykin, Deceased has this day made application unto me for a final discharge as such Administratrix; and that the 21st day of August 1975, at 10 o'clock a.m., at my office has been appointed for the hearing of said petition.

A. Ray Hinnant
Probate Judge
Richland County, S.C.
July 21, 1975

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that not less than three days from the date of this notice, the undersigned will apply to O. FRANK THORNTON, Secretary of State for a charter for an eleemosynary corporation under the name of the Wheeler Hill Community Association with the principal place of business located at 1723 Wheat Street, Columbia, South Carolina 29205 and for the following purposes: (1) to keep the Wheeler Hill area a residential community, (2) to work for improved housing and living conditions, (3) to get better community services, including street lighting, garbage collection, better sidewalks, curbs, and streets, (4) to organize residents so they have a voice in any future development in the area.

Mrs. Bernice B. Martin
Mrs. Dorothy A. Pressley
July 25, 1975

ESTATE NOTICE

All persons having claims against the estate of Etheline P. Teague deceased, are hereby notified to file the same, duly verified, with the undersigned, and those indebted to said estate will please make payment likewise.

Ed Teague, Executor
Robinson, McFadden, Moore and Pope, Attys. at Law
Jefferson Square, Columbia, S.C.
Columbia, S.C.
July 22, 1975

ESTATE NOTICE

All persons having claims against the estate of Levy Green deceased, are hereby notified to file the same, duly verified, with the undersigned, and those indebted to said estate will please make payment likewise.

Bertha L. Green,
Administratrix
c/o Ronald Dodson
P.O. Box 474
Columbia, South Carolina
Columbia, S.C.
July 22, 1975

ESTATE NOTICE

All persons having claims against the estate of Carrie Franklin, deceased, are hereby notified to file the same, duly verified, with the undersigned, and those indebted to said estate will please make payment likewise.

Roosevelt M. Franklin
Executor
3908 Wellesley Drive
Columbia, South Carolina

Columbia, S.C.
July 18, 1975

ESTATE NOTICE

All persons having claims against the estate of James Doake Masey deceased, are hereby notified to file the same, duly verified, with the undersigned, and those indebted to said estate will please make payment likewise.

Helen E. Ray
Administratrix
c/o Kennedy and Price, Attorneys
P.O. Box 11628
Columbia, South Carolina
29201

Columbia, S.C.
July 18, 1975

ESTATE NOTICE

All persons having claims against the estate of Alma F. Askins deceased, are hereby notified to file the same, duly verified, with the undersigned, and those indebted to said estate will please make payment likewise.

Hal N. Askins, Executor
3708 Sandhill Road
Columbia, South Carolina
29206

Columbia, S.C.
July 18, 1975

ESTATE NOTICE

All persons having claims against the estate of James A. Keel, deceased, are hereby notified to file the same, duly verified, with the undersigned, and those indebted to said estate will please make payment likewise.

Lester L. Keel, Executor
c/o Rion, Britt & Anderson
Attorneys
1209 Hampton Street
Columbia, South Carolina

Columbia, S.C.
July 17, 1975

ESTATE NOTICE

All persons having claims against the estate of Gloria F. Roddey, deceased, are hearby notified to file the same, duly verified, with the undersigned, and those indebted to said estate will please make payment likewise.

J.B. Roddey III, Executor
c/o Milledge T. Pitts
1300 Pickens Street
Columbia, South Carolina

Columbia, S.C.
July 17, 1975

ESTATE NOTICE

All persons having claims against the estate of Jesse C. Bradley, deceased, are hereby notified to file the same, duly verified, with the undersigned, and those indebted to said estate will please make payment likewise.

Maude H. Bradley,
Administratrix
1424 Burley Court
Columbia, South Carolina

Columbia, S.C.
July 17, 1975

ESTATE NOTICE

All persons having claims against the estate of Jeanette Moses deceased, are hereby notified to file the same, duly verified, with the undersigned, and those indebted to said estate will please make payment likewise.

A. Birge Wise,
Administrator CTA
Barringer Building
Columbia, South Carolina

Columbia, S.C.
July 17, 1975

ESTATE NOTICE

All persons having claims against the estate of Malcolm R. Lovell, deceased, are hereby notified to file the same, duly verified, with the undersigned, and those indebted to said estate will please make payment likewise.

Juanita Lovell, Executrix
416 Woodlands Road
Columbia, South Carolina

Columbia, S.C.
July 21, 1975

CITATION

The State of South Carolina
RICHLAND COUNTY
IN THE COURT OF PROBATE
BY A. RAY HINNANT, Probate Judge, Richland County

WHEREAS Lloyd W. Higbe has applied to me for Letters of Administration on the estate of Birdie S. Higbe deceased:

THESE ARE, THEREFORE, to cite and admonish all and singular the kindred and creditors of the said deceased to be and appear before me at Columbia, S.C., on the 5th day of August 1975 at 10 o'clock a.m., to show cause, if any, why the said administration should not be granted.

GIVEN under my hand and the seal of said Court, this 21st day of July, A.D. 1975.

A. Ray Hinnant
Probate Judge,
Richland County, S.C.

CITATION

The State of South Carolina
RICHLAND COUNTY
IN THE COURT OF PROBATE
BY A. RAY HINNANT, Probate Judge, Richland County

WHEREAS Ella Mae Allison has applied to me for Letters of Administration on the estate of Robert G. Allison deceased:

THESE ARE, THEREFORE, to cite and admonish all and singular the kindred and creditors of the said deceased to be and appear before me at Columbia, S.C., on the 4th day of August 1975 at 10 o'clock a.m., to show cause, if any, why the said administration should not be granted.

GIVEN under my hand and the seal of said Court, this 21st day of July, A.D. 1975,

A. RAY HINNANT
Probate Judge,
Richland County, S.C.

CITATION

The State of South Carolina
RICHLAND COUNTY
IN THE COURT OF PROBATE
BY A. RAY HINNANT, Probate Judge, Richland County

WHEREAS Jack L. Leach has applied to me for Letters of Administration on the estate of Freda Cantrell Leach deceased:

THESE ARE, THEREFORE, to cite and admonish all and singular the kindred and creditors of the said deceased to be and appear before me at Columbia, S.C., on the 4th day of August 1975 at 10 o'clock a.m., to show cause, if any, why the said administration should not be granted.

GIVEN under my hand and the seal of said Court, this 18th day of July, A.D. 1975,

A. RAY HINNANT
Probate Judge,
Richland County, S.C.

The State of South Carolina
RICHLAND COUNTY
IN THE COURT OF PROBATE
BY A. RAY HINNANT, Probate Judge, Richland County

WHEREAS Ethel M. Brown has applied to me for Letters of Administration CTA on the estate of Walter Michaelis deceased:

THESE ARE, THEREFORE, to cite and admonish all and singular the kindred and creditors of the said deceased to be and appear before me at Columbia, S.C., on the 1st day of August 1975 at 10 o'clock a.m., to show cause, if any, why the said administration should not be granted.

GIVEN under my hand and the seal of said Court, this 17th day of July, A.D. 1975,

A. RAY HINNANT
Probate Judge,
Richland County, S.C.

CITATION

The State of South Carolina
RICHLAND COUNTY
IN THE COURT OF PROBATE
BY A. RAY HINNANT, Probate Judge, Richland County

WHEREAS Betty Hawley Medlin has applied to me for Letters of Administration on the estate of LaVerne Roof Medlin deceased:

THESE ARE, THEREFORE, to cite and admonish all and singular the kindred and creditors of the said deceased to be and appear before me at Columbia, S.C., on the 4th day of August 1975 at 10 o'clock a.m., to show cause, if any, why the said administration should not be granted.

GIVEN under my hand and the seal of said Court, this 18th day of July, A.D. 1975,

A. RAY HINNANT
Probate Judge
Richland County, S.C.

CITATION

The State of South Carolina
RICHLAND COUNTY
IN THE COURT OF PROBATE
BY A. RAY HINNANT, Probate Judge, Richland County

WHEREAS Alvin Ronald Hill has applied to me for Letters of Administration on the estate of Patricia Ann Hill deceased:

THESE ARE, THEREFORE, to cite and admonish all and singular the kindred and creditors of the said deceased to be and appear before me at Columbia, S.C., on the 4th day of August 1975 at 10 o'clock a.m., to show cause, if any, why the said administration should not be granted.

GIVEN under my hand and the seal of said Court, this 17th day of July, A.D. 1975,

A. RAY HINNANT
Probate Judge,
Richland County, S.C.

music

by michael bane

The cracks in country music

"I often met the Devil
But I never made a deal
I just thank the Lord for hands to play
This piece of wood and steel."*

If David Wills is one of the last and best examples of country music's old guard, David Allan Coe is a shining example of the new. His songwriting talents have been blazing meteor trails into the netherworld between country and rock since 1967, when Coe walked out of an Ohio prison and boarded the bus to Nashville. He knocked around the Nashville street-corners for years, building a local reputation with rhinestone suits and impeccable music, but failing to make a substantial dent in the local country music monolith. Then came Nashville's youngest heart-throb, Tanya Tucker, and her rendition of Coe's "Would You Lay With Me (In a Field of Stone)," which literally overnight boosted Ms. Tucker into the gossip columns and David Allen Coe into national prominence.

With **Once Upon A Rhyme** (Columbia), Coe's fourth album, (his second for Columbia) the Mysterious Rhinestone Cowboy nails down his place in country music, while at the same time proving that labels like "country music" really have no bearing. What I like best about this album is Coe's absolute lack of pretension. Coe is serious about the music and not about himself, and the whole album carries an air of a person doing what he likes to do best.

Predictably, the best songs on the album were written by Coe himself (he wrote six of ten cuts on the album), including his rendition of "Would You Lay With Me (In a Field of Stone)." It's a haunting, mystical song that lingers on long after the melody has ended. Equally powerful is "Loneliness in Ruby's Eyes," a soulful ballad about a lost woman with a surprisingly (for country music) feminist slant.

"Kinfolks say she's had a lot of lovers
Love don't leave a woman filled with shame
She does not have the body of the woman I once loved
But she's still the girl I once idolized
And I swear I've seen a little bit of every girl I've known
In the loneliness of Ruby's eyes."*

On "Loneliness..." Coe's all-woman backup groups works to best advantage, adding female counterpoint to Coe's harsh vocals. His voice, by the way, is very reminiscent of an early Kris Kristofferson -- what it lacks in discipline it makes up in enthusiasm. As a rule, it blends quite well with the softer female harmonies. Unfortunately, Coe does succomb to Nashville's overwhelming fettish with overproduction on a couple of cuts, especially noticible on "Jody Like a Melody," where strings and overdubs ever-embellish the end of an otherwise fine song.

The album is also graced by "the perfect country song," so proclaimed by singer Coe and writer Steve "City of New Orleans" Goodman, a little ditty titled "You Never Even Called Me By My Name."

I'll be damned if it isn't the perfect country song.

"You don't have to call me Waylon Jennings
You don't have to call me Charlie Pride
And you don't have to call me Merle Haggard any more
Even though you're on my fightin' side...
You don't have to call me darlin,' darlin' "*

That's not to mention a couple of references to standing in the rain, heaven, Jesus and crying. Well, David Allan figured that wasn't enough -- you've got to remember that this is the same David Allan Coe who wrote "I'd Like to Kick the S--t Out of You" a while back -- so he wrote Goodman back that it wasn't the perfect country song (all this is on the record, by the way) because it failed to mention "Mama or trains or trucks or prison or getting drunk."

So Goodman penned a third verse, Coe added the song to the album and the world is a little richer:

"I was drunk the day my mama got out of prison
And I went to pick her up in the rain
But before I could get to the station in my Pickup truck
She got run over by the damned ol' train.*

Why don't I hear this song on the radio?

*****

That Willie Nelson is the Godfather of progressive country music is without question. From his Texas home he has cajoled, connived and browbeaten country music into the 1970s, not to mention his providing aid and encouragement to dozens of artists who might not have made it without Willie's steady hand. So the fact that Willie's **Red Headed Stranger** (Columbia) defies pigeonholing comes as no surprise. **Red Headed Stranger** ignores the technological overkill of much of the crap on the market today -- Willie has put together an incredibly simple album, with sparse instrumentation and a very subdued production by Willie himself.

The result feels like spring rain after a muggy afternoon.

Willie's voice is as distinctive as a tuning fork and clear as a bell, perfectly suited for his style of production and arrangement.

The album itself is the story of the red headed stranger and his faithless wife, a story of love lost and revenge set in the Old West ("It was the time of the preacher in the year of '01," the album begins). Willie mixes his own compositions -- the unifying factor -- with older country standards, and the effect is an oddly powerful -- and powerfully depressing -- album.

The only thing I can think of that remotely resembles **Red Headed Stranger** is the early works of Leonard Cohen. Willie's album has the same feel as Cohen's early work, especially the haunting "Winter Lady" and "The Stranger Song," which later found their way into Bob Altman's film, "McCabe and Mrs. Miller." In fact, had Bob Altman heard **Red Headed Stranger** before "The Stranger Song," "McCabe and Mrs. Miller" might well have been about a red headed stranger.

Both writers are obsessed with the uncertainty of love and the void that follows love's departure, and they translate their obsession into musical mood pieces that refuse to be ignored. **Red Headed Stranger** is a good album to be depressed with, in other words.

*****

So country music has come a long way since the singing cowboy and the Grand Ol' Opry first polluted the airways for the musical purists. At a time (like now) when Top-40 radio is virtually insufferable and too many "progressive" rock stations are beginning to sound like 1975 versions of middle-of-the-road schlock, progressive country music at least offers us a chance to get away from all this junk. It beats the hell out of Alice Cooper.

---

*"Piece of Wood and Steel," copyright R. Dobson, BMI.
*"Loneliness in Ruby's Eyes," copyright D.A. Coe, BMI.
*"You Never Even Called Me By My Name," by Steve Goodman, copyright 1971 Kama Rippa Music Inc/Turnpike Tom.

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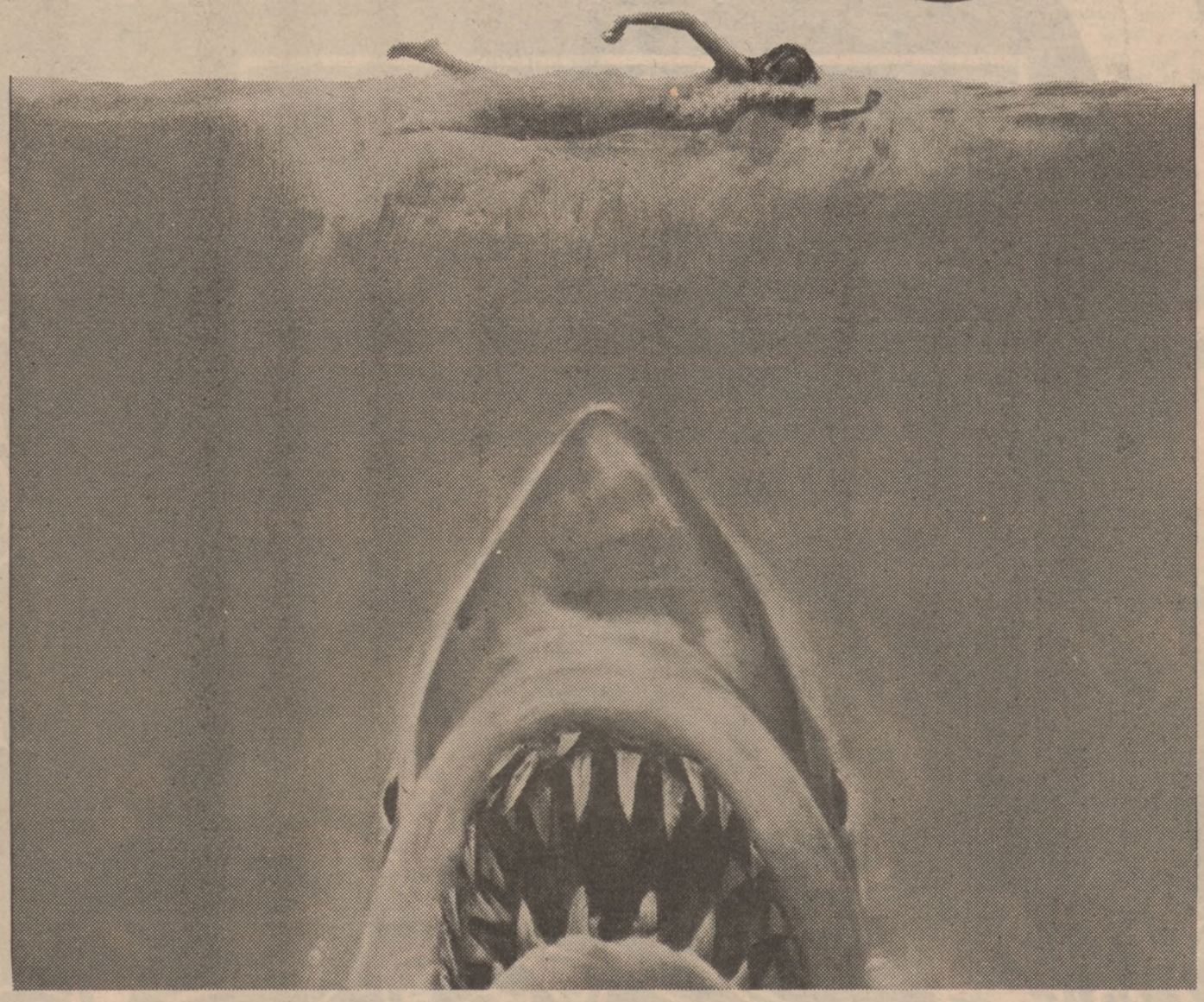

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